

24 FEBRUARY 1965 2s.6d.

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& BYSTANDER



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# tatler

and bystander volume 255 number 3313

EDITOR  
JOHN OLIVER

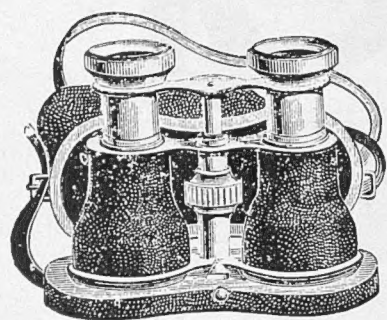


The girl on the cover was undecided as to which was her best side so photographer David Hurn took her full-face and left profile and left it to Tatler art editor Tony Page to make the decision. But since all beauty is in the eye of the beholder perhaps the best side of anybody's face is better judged by the man who takes the picture. That's what Tom Hustler thinks anyway and he sets out to prove the point in Best Side Story on page 358. More photographic philosophy is embodied in Paul Vincenzi's feature, page 361 onwards, and Counterspy goes shopping for cameras on page 378. The cover girl's lipstick is Shell Coral by Helena Rubinstein

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# GOING



# PLACES

## SOCIAL & SPORTING

**H.M. Queen Elizabeth**, the Queen Mother, will attend a performance of Mahler's 8th Symphony at the Royal Albert Hall at 7.30 p.m., 4 March, presented by the Henry Wood Memorial Trust. (KEN 8212.)

**Opera Ball**, Grosvenor House, 4 March.

**Highland Ball**, Claridge's, 5 March.

**Cardinal's Ball**, Cambridge, 5 March.

**Pitt Club Ball**, Cambridge, 6 March.

**Spring Ball**, Savoy, 9 March, in aid of refugees, under auspices of the World Community Chest.

**Canada Club Dinner**, Savoy, 17 March. (Details, Mr. P. B. Murray, WHI 7921.)

**Hunt Balls**: Vine, Corn Exchange, Newbury, 26 February; Avon Vale, Bowood, Calne, Wilts., 12 March; V.W.H., 19 March.

**Point-to-Points**: United Services, Larkhill; Garth & S.

Berks, Tweseldown; New Forest Hunts, Larkhill; Newmarket & Thurlow, Moulton; N. Ledbury, Suckley; S. Durham, Sedgefield, 27 February; South Notts, R.A.F. Officers' Mess, Newton, 5 March; Sparkford Vale; Army, Tweseldown; Ayrshire Yeomanry, Tarbolton; Beaufort, Didmarton; Cambridge University, Cottenham; Cheshire Forest, Littleton; Oxford University, Crowell; S. Shropshire, Eytonton-Severn, 6 March.

## RACE MEETINGS

**Steeplechasing**: Windsor, 24, 25; Wolverhampton, 25; Lingfield Park, 26, 27; Chepstow, Stratford-on-Avon, Wetherby, 27 February.

## RUGBY

**England v. France**, Twickenham, 27 February.

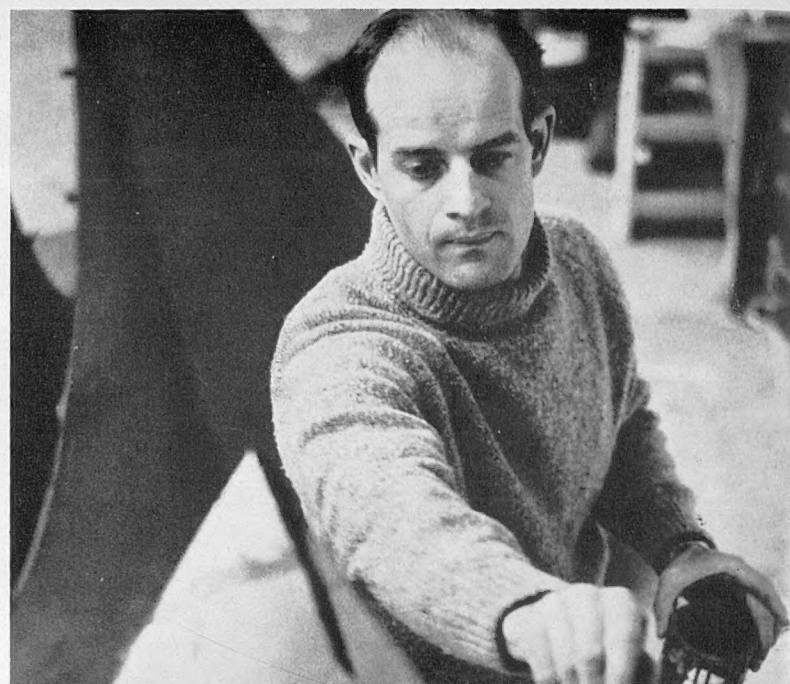
## MUSICAL

**Covent Garden Opera**. *Turandot*, 7.30 p.m., tonight; *Don Giovanni*, 7 p.m., 26 February, 1, 4, 6, 9 March (last perfs.). (cov 1066.)

**Royal Opera**, Covent Garden. *Romeo & Juliet*, 27 February, 2, 3, 5 March, 7.30 p.m.; 27 February, 2.15 p.m.

**Royal Festival Hall**. London Mozart Players, cond. Blech, 8 p.m., tonight; Belgrade Philharmonic Orchestra, cond. Zdravkovic, 8 p.m., 25 February; L.P.O., cond. de Burgos, 8 p.m., 26 February; R.P.O., cond. de Almeida, 8 p.m., 27 February; Pro Arte Orchestra, cond. Hopkins, 3 p.m., 28 February; L.S.O., cond. Markevitch, 7.30 p.m., 28 February. (WAT 3191.)

**St. Pancras Church**. London Bach Society, cond. Steinitz, in Bach cantatas and Bruno Maderna's *Tre Liriche Greche* (first English perf.), 8 p.m., 5 March. (Tickets from Booking Office, St. Pancras Town Hall, N.W.1.)



London-born sculptor Philip King, 31, puts the finishing touch to an abstract work in his Kilburn studio. He is represented in the current exhibition *British Sculpture in the Sixties* at the Tate Gallery, and his work will also be seen at the forthcoming *New Generation 1965* at the Whitechapel Art Gallery. He studied and later taught at the St. Martin's School of Art, and has had two one-man shows, at Heffer's, Cambridge, in 1957, and at the Rowan Gallery, Lowndes Street, last year

**Wigmore Hall**, London Piano-forte Series. Janet Goodman, 3 p.m., 7 March. (WEL 8418.)

**Lunchtime concert**, Wigmore Hall. Syrinx Trio (James Galloway, flute; Derek Wickens, oboe; John Constable, piano), 1.5 p.m. 25 February. (Adm: 2s. 6d., students, 1s.)

## ART

**Tate Gallery**. The Peggy Guggenheim Collection, to 7 March. **Fifty Years of Sculpture, 1914-1964**, Grosvenor Gallery, to 11 March.

**City of London Art Exhibition**, Guildhall Art Gallery, to 6 March.

**Brazilian Art Today**, Royal College of Art, to 13 March.

**Paintings from Fiji**, by Philip Sutton. Roland, Browse & Delbanco, to 13 March. (See *Galleries*, p. 377.)

**Sculpture Exhibition** by the Contemporary Art Society, Tate Gallery, to 21 March.

**Royal Society of Painter-Etchers & Engravers Exhibition**, 26 Conduit St., to 17 March. **Irene Pages**, Madden Galleries, Blandford St., to 13 March.

## FESTIVAL

**St. Pancras Arts Festival** 1-26 March.

## EXHIBITIONS

**The Pack Age**, Design Centre, Haymarket, to 6 March.

**"Daily Mail" Ideal Home Exhibition**, Olympia, 2-27 March.

## FIRST NIGHT

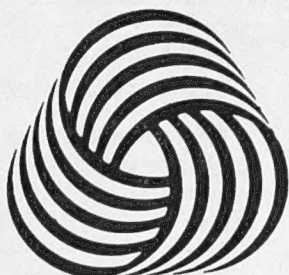
**Hampstead Theatre Club**. *Hippolytus*, 3 March.

**Royal Court**. *Happy End*, 11 March.

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# GOING PLACES TO EAT

John Baker White / Mexican through and through

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays

W.B. . . . Wise to book a table **El Cubano**, 171 Brompton Road, S.W.3. (KEN 0418.) This popular and long-established restaurant has gone Mexican, and no half-measures either.

There are brightly coloured rugs and a sombrero or two on the walls, hanging pot plants, white walls and curtains and table mats made of coloured rushes. The waiters are also in Mexican garb: even the background music is of that country. The Mexicans know how to deal with an avocado pear, so I chose one filled with prawns and a rich sauce (7s. 6d.) not to be disappointed. I followed it with the basic national dish—*chili con carne*—properly served in a copper pot, producing a fine ruddy glow. That also was 7s. 6d. There are a number of speciality dishes, from about 12s. 6d. upwards, including the spit-roasted *pousin* for which this house is well known. The Roman Room continues to function downstairs at night time. The Mexican Room is open for luncheon from 12 until 3 and for dinner from 6 till midnight.

**Overton's**, Victoria—opposite the station. C.S. Booking essential for luncheon and dinner. (VIC 3774.) I had not been in this restaurant since it had passed into the hands of new owners, and so feared that what are called "improvements" and "new policy" might have taken place. My anxiety was groundless, for it is just the same as before, one of the most pleasant small restaurants in London in spite of temporary Tube-building obstructions outside. With my friend from Paris I ate smoked salmon in perfect condition, followed by a sole Colbert that could not have been bettered. Rejecting what is still an excellent wine list, my friend insisted on draught stout. There is the same personal, friendly service as before. Not cheap, but value for money.

## A meal to remember

Date: 2 January, 1965. Place: The International Restaurant, London Hilton. Hostess: Viscountess Tarbat, to seven guests. Chef: Mr. Guiseppe Bazzani.

Menu: Le Loup de Mer flambé

aux Fenouilles; Zarte Lendenschutte mit Morcheln; Un Brie du Pays de Caux; Black Forest Cherry Cake; Wines: Chevalier Montrachet 1959; Château Margaux 1<sup>er</sup> Grand Cru 1955, in magnums.

The loup de mer were flambé, sparingly, in Pernod—and very good they were too. The tender filet steak with morels in the rich sauce was quite excellent, the Brie in perfect condition, and the cake feather-light. The wines were, of course, splendid and well matched to the dishes. It was a striking example of how taking the trouble to order a meal in advance pays a rich dividend.

. . . and a reminder

**Trattoria Terrazza**, 19, Romilly Street, Soho. (GER 8991.) Italian, colourful, cheerful and not expensive.

Writes John Baker White: since visiting the Number Four restaurant in Greek Street recently (see this page 10 February) I learn that it has been closed. This is the sort of happening of which the writer on restaurants receives no previous warning. I can only apologize and hope that the frustrated were able to find consolation in a restaurant nearby.



Tamara Karsavina, now 80, who created the role of Columbine opposite Nijinsky in Diaghilev's production *Harlequin's Serenade*, coaches 15-year-old ballerina Paula Rufina in the part. Karsavina recreated this ballet for the Harlequin Ballet Company and was filmed for television by Margaret Dale. Screening: 10 March, B.B.C.-2

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## GOING PLACES

## ABROAD



In the first floor private dining room of a luxury hotel not far from Frankfurt there hangs a picture of curious interest. It is of Charlotte, sister of Emperor William II, painted by her mother Victoria, Empress of Germany and eldest daughter of Victoria, Queen of England.

This unexpected glimpse of royal talent seems less improbable when one realizes that the "hotel" was built by the Dowager Empress herself, shortly after the death of her husband Frederick, the 99-day Emperor. For Kronberg Castle is perhaps the grandest of the 50 or more castle hotels that add grace and a sense of history to overnight or longer stops in Western Germany. Along its corridors one passes where most of the crowned heads of Europe passed prior to 1939. One may well sleep where they slept, certainly walk where they walked in

the beautiful grounds cradled in the Taunus foothills and now containing an excellent 18-hole golf course.

Out on the terrace, over the lobster salad and the woodcock flambé that are specialties from the once-royal kitchen, one can delve interminably into the complex interweavings of the royal houses of Europe. The sense of recent history (the castle was built only in the 1890s) is almost overpowering among the solemn portraits and heavy furniture, the drapes and thick carpets of this living museum.

A list of the castle hotels belonging to the German Castle Hotels Association is available from the German Tourist Information Bureau (61 Conduit Street, London, W.1). Later a more extensive list will be prepared to include brief historic notes, accessibility by road and

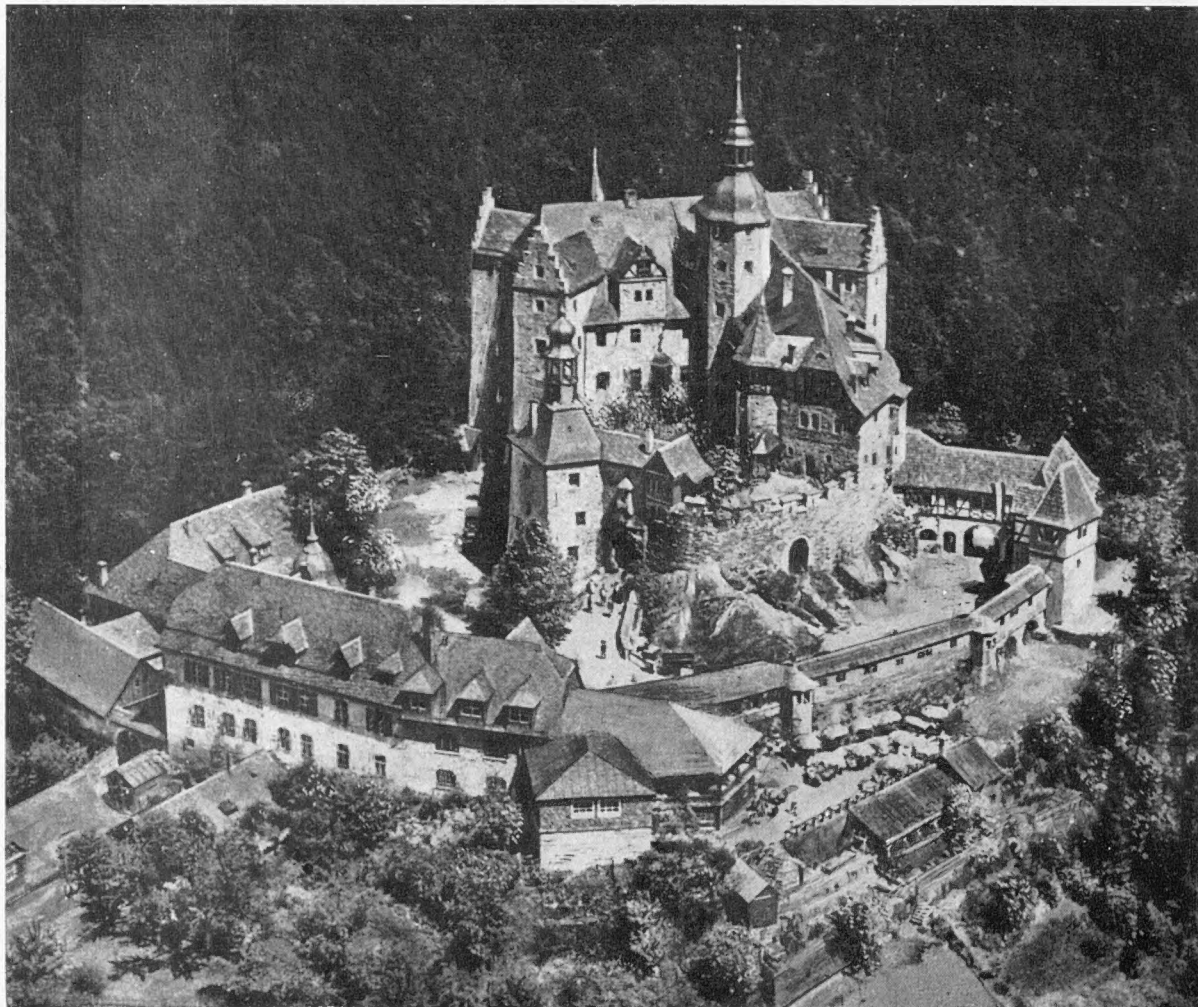
public transport, as well as cost of accommodation. At the Kronberg, for example, one can sleep luxuriously among the royal ghosts for £3 to £4 a night. But if the Kronberg is the grandest, there are others cosier or more craggy, and certainly many that are more traditionally castle-like.

One of them, sticking out like a broken tooth on a hill over Oberwesel, broods high above the Rhine. The Schönbürg (30s.-50s. a night) has only 16 beds and five private bathrooms, most of them arranged with superb quaintness in the sturdy towers of this most convincing of castles dating back over ten centuries. But the adaptation has been done with a tremendous sense of congruity, and there is no more evocative place to sip one's aperitif than by the crenellated turrets that soar above the

Rhine, nor to enjoy a meal by candlelight before repairing to one's curtain-draped four-poster bed.

The Schloss Zell Hotel at Zell on the Moselle—a river that I find more intimate and lovely than the romantic Middle Rhine—is another place where candlelight dinners are eminently in keeping. Outwardly little has changed here since the 13th century when it was built, or since the 16th when Emperor Maximilian paid a visit, but the 20th century has added most of the necessary comforts except, as yet, private baths. Trout and Moselle eel are specialties of the house; the family vineyards produce some of the original "Schwarze Katz."

Standing in a sea of vineyards on the banks of the Rhine, not far from Wiesbaden, is the Hotel Schloss Reinhartshausen.



Of the German castle hotels, the Burg Lauenstein (left) is one of the oldest. There is 1,000 years of history to fascinate guests in the forested heights of Northern Bavaria. The Schloss Berlepsch (right) is at Witzhausen/Werra

Emphasis in this 18th century Stately Home, belonging to Prince Frederick of Prussia, is on elegance. From the hotel's surrounding vineyards come some rare labels, and from its nearby farm fresh produce for its excellent table.

Castle hotels, of course, are not limited to Germany's vineyard country. Some, such as the Tremsbüttel 20 miles from Hamburg, originated as hunting castles, in this case from the 17th century. Others tower over river valleys, such as the 14th-century Schloss Berlepsch at 1,000 feet above the Werra, 12 miles from Göttingen. Yet others dominate or crouch among the forested heights of Baden-Württemberg. In Northern Bavaria magnificent sites include that of Burg Lauenstein.

Castle hotels as tourist accommodation have earned their

rightful share of attention in Germany, but they do exist elsewhere. In France many of them—castles, stately homes, mere mansions—form part of the excellent network of Relais de Campagne. Mostly a little away from main centres, usually beautifully sited, always offering their own regional specialities, these alone could provide the theme for a motor-tour of lesser known France. About 70 of them (restaurants and hotels) are listed in a catalogue available from the French Government Tourist Office (178 Piccadilly, London, W.1), and to these have now been added similar establishments beyond the boundaries of France. Italy is entering the field; Spain and Portugal have one or two. Details in each case can be obtained by those interested from the relevant national tourist office in London.

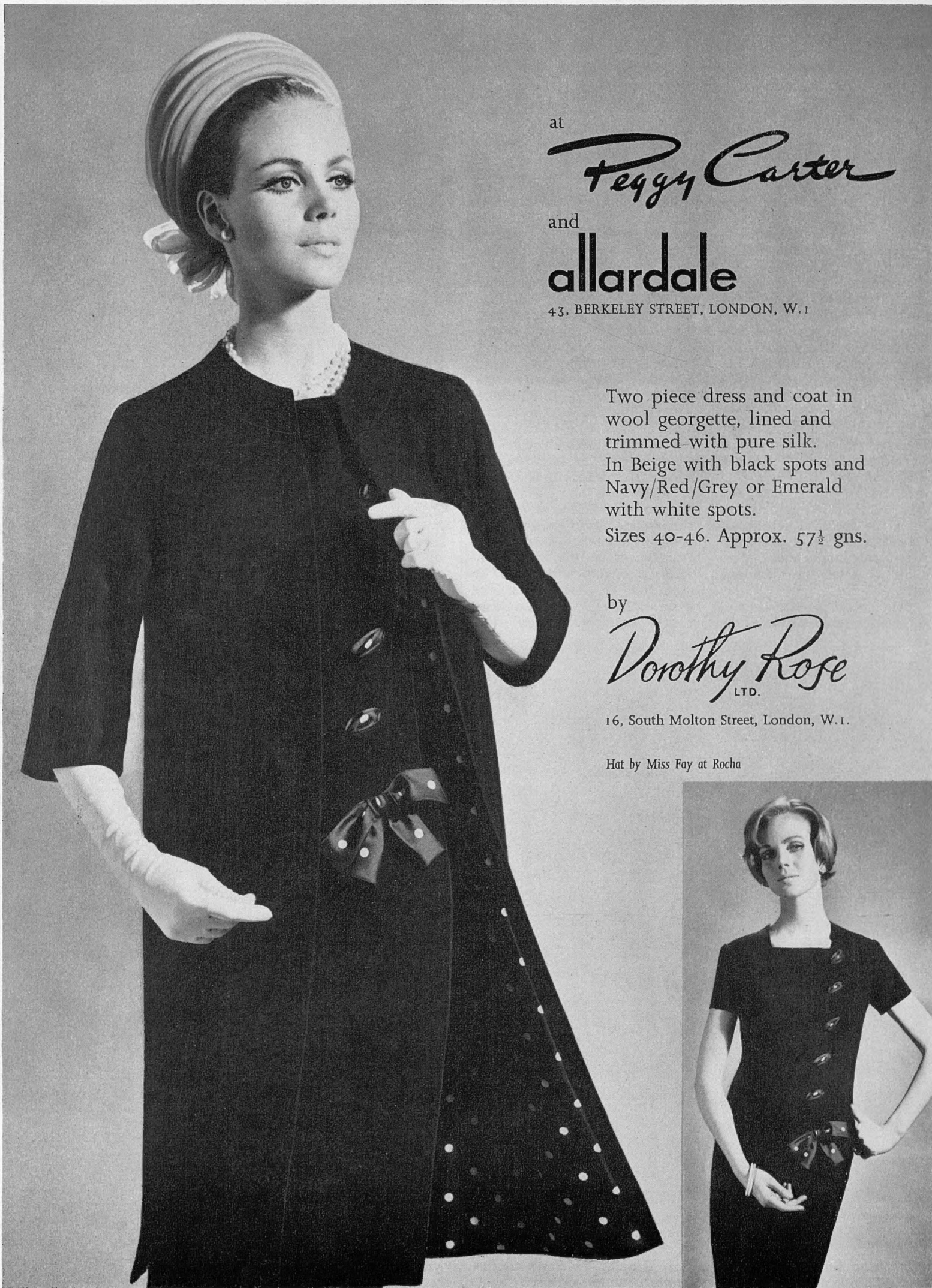


The imposing Burg Hohenscheid is near Solingen in North Rhine-Westphalia. Sylvie Nickels writes on other castle hotels above



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## THE LADIES AND THE LORD

Clearly a splendid moment for a small boy, presenting a bouquet of freesias to Princess Margaret with the Queen Mother smiling on, and being watched by the tall white-tied film actor. The occasion was the 1965 Royal Film Première: the boy is five-year-old Charles Adley, son of Mr. John Adley of Pearl Dean & Youngers Ltd., the cinema advertising service. It was the 19th Royal Film presentation and this year it was held in aid of the Cinema & Television Benevolent Fund. The selected film was *Lord Jim*, mammoth version of Conrad's novel with Peter O'Toole (*right*) in the title role. Familiar figures from the pop world and politics arrived at the Leicester Square Odeon as well as film stars from all over Europe, and Robert Morley compèred the stage show that preceded screening. Also in the photograph is Mr. Peter Hall (*centre back*), the cinema manager, and (*left*) Mr. Ralph Bromhead. The Earl of Snowdon and Prince William of Gloucester completed the royal party.

## THE SUN SEEKERS

Some were booked for the full voyage to South Africa, others would disembark at Las Palmas and Funchal, all were sun seekers aboard the Union Castle liner *Windsor Castle* as she sailed from Southampton



- 1 Master of the *Windsor Castle*, Captain A. J. Hort, welcomes Mrs. Arthur Paton to his cocktail party on the outward voyage
- 2 Mrs. John Stephenson, who was sailing to Cape Town with her husband, in conversation with Staff Commander R. J. Miller at the captain's party
- 3 Farewell to Southampton with one protective mink between two, Miss Hermione Buckley and her mother, Mrs. E. R. Buckley, sister of Sir Nicholas Cayzer, chairman of Union-Castle. Muriel Bowen writes overleaf
- 4 Mrs. Charles Turriff. Her husband is head of the Turriff Construction Corporation
- 5 Mrs. Mervyn Fox who was travelling to Cape Town with her husband
- 6 Mr. Leonard Joseph, the industrialist, and Miss Elisabeth Barnett, the Irish international golfer. Both were *en route* to Cape Town
- 7 Mr. Gerald Pawle and his wife, Lady Mary Pawle, daughter of Marquess Camden. Mr. Pawle is an author and is now going into publishing. He and his wife were bound for Port Elizabeth
- 8 Miss Clare Borrett who was going to Cape Town. Her home is in Kensington
- 9 Cape Town passengers Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Bates were among the first to play the deck games
- 10 Mrs. D. Gillam plays deck quoits watched by her husband, Group Captain Denys Edgar Gillam. In the war he commanded a Typhoon wing and is now a company director. They were going to Cape Town



PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN



# WINTER FALLS ASTERN

BY MURIEL BOWEN

It was a real English Channel-in-winter day when the Union-Castle ship *Windsor Castle* sailed from Southampton on a voyage to South Africa and—more importantly—to the sun. The rich aroma of salt spray was everywhere and the gulls were crying raucously to each other in mid-air. The sea itself was dark olive with great white combers looking brilliantly icy as they were caught by the fleeting sun.

The passengers, muffled to the ears, looked all set to plant the Union Jack on some unexplored bit of Antarctica. The atmosphere contrasted sharply with the cold. Laughter emerged from beneath a flapping mink coat which Mrs. RICHARD BUCKLEY and her daughter HERMIONE had put over their heads like a tent to shield them from the snow-flecked breeze. It was easy to laugh. Swiftly and serenely the *Windsor Castle* was leaving the weather behind. Soon it was no more than the topic of conversation that the English can never get away from.

"Well there is one thing about cricket at East London and that is you are certain of watching it in the sun," said LADY MARY PAWLE, the daughter of Marquess Camden. Her husband Mr. GERALD PAWLE, the author (his book on Sir Winston Churchill's wartime journeys comes out as a paperback this month), had taken endless trouble to make his business commitments in South Africa coincide with the Test match.

Three days out of England the stiff breeze was bringing colour to pale faces. GROUP CAPT. & Mrs. DENYS GILLAM were busily noting the names and cabin numbers of deck tennis players. Mr. DENIS THATCHER was doing regular workouts in the gymnasium. (Mrs. Thatcher, Shadow Minister of Pensions, was unable to accompany her husband because of House of Commons business.)

## COMMITTEE THAT CRACKLED

A sports committee was launched over the tea cups. "We don't want a large committee," said the young purser in charge, displaying a wisdom beyond his years. There was the usual embarrassed silence of the British on such occasions. But not for long.

"Mr. Turriff would love to be on the committee and he's good at that sort of thing," called out a man wearing a blazer and a suntan. Mr. CHARLES TURRIFF of the construction firm, travelling to Cape Town with his wife, responded by sinking a little deeper into his armchair. Nevertheless in a matter

of minutes the sports committee was complete. Overnight the mammoth games programme swung into action. Colonels, Commanders R.N., and captains of industry and their wives were out practising on the sports decks from an early hour. They marshalled the bucket quoits with the single-mindedness and fixity of purpose that their ancestors put into the building of an empire.

## SPORTING LIFE

The ship had a very sporting contingent on board. Racing, football, golf; they discussed them all. CAPT. ALEC HORT, the ship's master, was regretting that he would miss Cheltenham (the National Hunt meeting) but the ship's schedule coincided nicely with racing at Durban, and Durban is a surer bet this time of year. At worst the weather is a bit too hot and the champagne lukewarm. Capt. Hort, a keen racing man, enjoys the company of racing personalities and, from experience, treats their tips with caution.

At Southampton I saw about a dozen sets of golf clubs brought on board. Mr. & Mrs. W. H. BARNETT from Northern Ireland were accompanied by their daughter ELISABETH, the Irish international, a slip of a girl who can send a ball incredible distances. After disembarking at Cape Town she planned to play golf along the coast. How did South Africa's courses compare with English ones? "They are much drier, of course, and there is a nap on the greens that takes a bit of getting used to." Even on holidays, keeping up international status is demanding. I noticed that so-fit-looking Miss Barnett spent an hour a day in the ship's gymnasium going through a carefully worked out routine.

## SAFARIS, VARIOUS

Golf was also part of MAJOR & Mrs. RICHARD BUCKLEY's plans. They were hoping to visit Hormanus during two weeks ashore before returning on the *Windsor Castle*. SIR THOMAS & LADY FERENS were disembarking at Cape Town as was Mrs. A. S. DACK who was going on to East Africa on safari. From the Cape Mrs. VERNON TATE was flying north to Rhodesia to see the Kariba Dam. "I've heard so many people talk about it that I simply have to go and see," she told me.

I also talked to Mrs. MICKLEM who was travelling out with her husband BRIG. RALPH MICKLEM. They were bound for the copper belt—he's an adviser to Rhodesian Selection Trust—and from there they were going to Kenya to stay in the White Highlands.

After a stop at beautiful Constantia on the Cape, LORD & LADY MANTON were going to stay with friends in Kenya. They are already planning for next winter, when they hope to visit Australia. "We've got ourselves on a ship—at

last," Lady Manton told me. These long-after-Christmas voyages are now being snapped up at such a rate that it is increasingly difficult to get the accommodation of one's choice unless a booking is made ages ahead. The *Windsor Castle*, one of the great beauties of the sea, was completely booked for this voyage to Cape Town.

Who else was on the *Windsor Castle*? SIR THOMAS & LADY SOPWITH; Mr. & Mrs. LEONARD JOSEPH; Mr. & Mrs. T. W. KEMPTON; the EARL OF MORAY; and Dr. E. P. ANDRAE and his daughter Mrs. DAVID WEBB. Dr. Andrae was annoyed because he was down as "Dr." on the passenger list. "I always travel as 'Mr.'," he told me. "Last time I travelled as 'Dr.' was in Venezuela when a native came and asked me to deliver his wife's baby." Dr. Andrae's doctorate is philosophy, not medicine.

## THE PRESTIGE BRINGERS

I talked to the successors of the Empire builders. They are the new builders of British prestige abroad, bringing their knowledge and knowhow to the underdeveloped countries; people like Professor D. A. SUTTON, and Major & Mrs. Buckley's daughter, Hermione. Professor Sutton is taking over the chair of chemistry at the new University of Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland at Maseru. "The African climate and the people appeal to us as much as anything," the professor, who was travelling out with his wife and daughter, told me. They had their car on board and were driving north after disembarking at East London. The university opens officially in October and Professor Sutton told me that it was very scientifically minded, having already enrolled as many science as arts students.

Miss Buckley, a lively 20-year-old and a former Benenden girl, recently returned from a six-months Red Cross mission to British Honduras. Her job was to train leaders in welfare work—welfare in Central America embracing anything and everything from the uncared-for poor to the aftermath of hurricanes.

## FOOTNOTE FROM HONDURAS

Ponies, a mission boat and a three-seater plane were among the modes of transport used by Miss Buckley and her friends. One isolated village was reached after a five-hour ride on a pony. The heavy rains had created so much mud that travel by jeep was impossible. "I looked perfectly ridiculous setting off by pony clutching an attaché case with my uniform in it in one hand," recalled Miss Buckley. The mission boat was fun until the steering went and it was necessary to wade ashore and spend the night at a primitive mission hut. Looking back Miss Buckley says she would not have missed the experience for anything. "London seemed so dull when I got back!"

# UNDER THE FLAG

The annual ball of the Royal Ocean Racing Club was held in London at the Hyde Park Hotel. More than 300 attended and danced to the music of Tommy Kinsman's band. Club members are mainly business men who own big racing yachts that operate in deep water: appropriately the club's distinctive flag dominated the ballroom for the occasion

- 1 Mr. David Marques, the 12-metre yachtsman who was a member of *Sovereign's* crew, and Miss Suzanne Miller, whose father owns the yacht *China Clipper*
- 2 Mrs. Gordon Nicholson and Brigadier E. F. Parker, Vice-Commodore of the Royal Ocean Racing Club
- 3 Sir Myles Wyatt, Admiral of the R.O.R.C. and chairman of British United Airways, with Mrs. David Curling
- 4 Mr. Barrie Heath, Commodore of the Royal London Yacht Club and managing director of Triplex Safety Glass, dancing with Mrs. Geoffrey Blake
- 5 Mr. Michael Vernon, Commodore of the R.O.R.C. and managing director of Spillers, and Mrs. John May, wife of the south coast boatbuilder. Mr. Vernon has just acquired a new ocean racer, *Assegai II*
- 6 Mr. & Mrs. Angus Primrose. He is one of the foremost designers of ocean racing yachts

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# 4 DIPLOMATIC DAYS

Though their Independence Day falls on Christmas Eve, the Libyan Ambassador gave a reception to mark it this month.

Members of the Diplomatic Corps and representatives of the Government attended and others present included Major-General Lord Thurlow, Major-General & Mrs. William Dimoline, Lord & Lady Chalfont, Sir Charles & Lady Duke and Sir Geoffrey Harrison

1 The host, Dr. Omar Mahmud Muntasser, the Libyan Ambassador, and Sir Geoffrey Furlonge, who has held Ambassadorships in Arab countries

2 The High Commissioner for India, Dr. Jivraj N. Mehta, the Hon. Mrs. Tapsell, and Mr. Peter Tapsell

3 Lord Chalfont, Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, and Lady Chalfont

4 Lady Duke, wife of Sir Charles Duke, formerly Ambassador to Morocco

5 Mrs. A. S. Mufti, whose husband is Jordanian, and Mrs. D. R. Llewellyn, wife of the Treasurer of the Anglo-Arab Association

6 M. Aleksandr Soldatov, the Soviet Ambassador





The High Commissioner for New Zealand, Sir Thomas Macdonald, and Lady Macdonald gave a reception to mark New Zealand Day at their Government's new building in Haymarket. Apart from members of the Diplomatic Corps, representatives of the Government and Opposition, the reception was attended by New Zealanders resident in the United Kingdom and people with military, educational and trade links with the country



- 1 The host and hostess, Sir Thomas Macdonald, High Commissioner for New Zealand, and Lady Macdonald
- 2 Mrs. Frederick Peart, wife of the Minister of Agriculture
- 3 Mrs. W. R. Trehane. Her husband is chairman of the Milk Marketing Board
- 4 The Danish Ambassador, M. Erling Kristiansen, and Mme. Kristiansen
- 5 Mr. & Mrs. David Rea, New Zealanders living in England. He is a dentist and has been in practice in Southampton for four years.
- 6 New Zealanders Mr. & Mrs. David Pitt. He is at Balliol College, Oxford, studying anthropology



# LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

BY JESSIE PALMER

For the first time in its history, a woman breeder won the supreme championship at the Perth Aberdeen-Angus Bull Show, which attracts breeders and buyers from the ends of the earth to Scotland. She is Miss Elizabeth Honeyman, of Haugh of Ballechin Farm, Strathtay. She is unassuming, young and attractive, so one can't help feeling a little startled at her achievement in this profession so long ruled by men.

"Well, it's always a surprise," she admitted when I asked her how she felt about her success, and then—characteristically—"But I knew I had a good bull. It was the bull that won." Miss Honeyman started her winning herd only two years ago—it is one of Scotland's youngest and includes one or two cows from her father's herd. Perhaps that's part of the secret, for her father, Mr. R. Wemyss Honeyman, founded the famous Derculich Herd that produced the supreme champion at Perth in 1938.

This newest champion, Erisco of Ballechin, was sold the next day for 40,000 gns., and has gone to Black Watch Farms, near New York. The name Erisco is a combination of the names of the bull's mother, Eyra, grandmother, Eris, and father, Erocia. What it is to have a pedigree! I wonder if Miss Honeyman will repeat this success. "Once you're at the top it's difficult to stay there," says Miss Honeyman cautiously. "You just have to keep working away."

But it isn't all work for Miss Honeyman, who finds time for country pursuits like riding and fishing. Later in the spring she hopes to go on a ski-ing holiday in Switzerland.

## Accolade for a Lady

"I was terribly thrilled, and it really was a great surprise. I had felt the work itself was a reward." So Lady MacTaggart told me after her recent investiture with the insignia of Knight (First Class) of the Royal Order of St. Olav. She was presented with the insignia by Mr. Bjarne Dietz, Norway's recently appointed Consul-General for Scotland, at a ceremony in the Royal Norwegian Consulate, Leith.

Lady MacTaggart, Norwegian-born wife of Sir William MacTaggart, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, claims amusedly (but I should think with perfect accuracy) that this makes her the only knight married to a knight. The honour was conferred on her by King Olav in recognition of her services to his country, especially during the war years when she was information officer in Scotland for the Norwegian Government in London.

A few days after the investiture Lady MacTaggart still sounded a little breathless. No wonder for, on the same day and after an official luncheon, she and Sir William flew down to London to attend a reception at 10 Downing Street for the

Norwegian Prime Minister.

Next excitement for both of them is the R.S.A. opening in April. After that there will be a holiday in Norway—a chance for Lady MacTaggart to visit her family and for Sir William to paint. Sir William, now fully recovered after his recent illness, seems to be working harder than ever with three exhibitions planned for next year—in Edinburgh, Newcastle and London.

## A dance for innovations

There was a record attendance of 280 at the annual Candlelight Dance held recently in the North British Hotel, Edinburgh, in aid of the funds of the British Legion, Scotland. This is the first time the dance has included a night club and this made it possible to cope comfortably with the greater number of guests who danced by the light of candles stuck in bottles. The programme included Scottish dances as well as what the dance secretary, Colonel Keith Murray, calls with cheerful irreverence "flat races."

This year, also for the first time, the ubiquitous (or iniquitous) Bingo was introduced for about 20 minutes—long enough for some handsome prizes to be won, including a case of champagne, a gallon of whisky, and a return double air ticket, Edinburgh to London. The tombola had 260 prizes, almost as many as there were guests. All were donated, the prizes ranging from nylon stockings to bottles of champagne. So pretty nearly everyone had something to take home—rather reminiscent of the most successful sort of children's party.

This year Countess Haig, patron of the dance, was unable to attend because of illness. Earl Haig, chairman of the British Legion, Scotland, was in Lady Grant's party. The G.O.C.s of the three Services were there: Vice-Admiral Sir David Gregory, Flag Officer Scotland, and his wife, who is a member of the dance committee, brought a party; Lieut.-Gen. Sir George Gordon Lennox, General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Scottish Command, and Lady Gordon Lennox, were in Brigadier E. Snowball's party; and Air Vice-Marshal K. V. Garside, Air Officer Scotland, and Mrs. Garside, a member of the dance committee, also brought a party.

This seems to have been the dance for successful innovations. One that Colonel Murray found particularly worthwhile was the help, for the first time, of uniformed representatives of the three Services—including two very personable military policewomen—to look after guests on arrival and also to keep an eye on the tables loaded with valuable prizes. This was, I should think, an inspired precaution, with the city crammed to the brim with happy, foot-loose warriors on the eve of one of the big international Rugby matches.

# THE BOHEMIAN FALLACY

BY MARK BENCE-JONES



I still don't know if it was economy, or the notion that the greater the squalor, the greater the artist, which made my mother choose a photographer whose studio was in a cellar close to the open main sewer of the town in India where we lived. The town was not wanting in skilled practitioners of the photographic art, with studios both elegant and wholesome; for in those declining days of British Raj, posing for photographs was one of the chief occupations; people were photographed singly and in groups, in plain clothes, in morning dress and in uniform. But when, just before my seventh birthday, my mother decided that she wanted a portrait of me, she did not take me to any of these established masters. Instead, she followed the recommendation of my ayah, who was called Grace. "I know one very good photographer, memsahib" Grace had said. "Him make picture of chota sahib, only rupees five." She had added, however, that there was a small drain near his studio which was inclined to smell slightly when the wind was that way, so my mother thought it wise to go and inspect the studio herself before exposing me to any possible infection. She came back appalled by the smell. Yet such was the lure of Bohemianism, or of a good bargain, that she was not wholly discouraged, even though she was quite fussy about hygiene. But you can, so to speak, have your hygienic cake and eat it. My mother planned the operation carefully. Grace would go down to the studio first and make all the arrangements with the photographer while we waited in the car at a salubrious distance. Then she herself would go down and see that everything was to her satisfaction. Finally, the photographer having been alerted, I would be rushed down the steps sucking an antiseptic lozenge and with a handkerchief soaked in eau-de-cologne held to my nose. I would be sat on the chair before the camera; the handkerchief would be whipped away; the shutter would click; and with the handkerchief once again over my nose, I would be rushed back up the steps into the pure air.

To be on the safe side, we rehearsed. My mother had estimated the distance from the beginning of

the smell to the camera. Holding a handkerchief to my nose, she ran with me for this distance on our lawn; while Grace ran beside us to give moral support. At the end of the measured length was a chair on which I had to sit for one minute without the handkerchief; then, with my nose re-muffled, we ran back to the starting-point. From the moment when the handkerchief was removed, to when it was replaced, I was strictly enjoined neither to breathe, nor to open my mouth.

At last came the great day. The car was stopped at the nearest bearable point to the studio. Grace got out and 20 minutes later returned to say that everything was ready. My mother got out and returned after a very few minutes saying that we must put lots and lots of eau-de-cologne on the handkerchief. The handkerchief was soaked; I was given my antiseptic lozenge ("Now then darling, don't chew it, let it last as long as possible") and the race to the camera began. It wasn't quite as easy as it had been on our lawn, because of the steps, but we made good time all the same. The smell of the sewer was overwhelming, even with the cologne-soaked handkerchief held tighter against my nose than the dry handkerchief had been during the rehearsals. The studio was crowded with props; there was a variety of backgrounds, including a bridal one of blue sky and orange-blossom. There were also a great many carved Victorian chairs with faded red plush seats. On one of these I duly sat. Facing me was the camera, a noble apparatus in the best Daguerreotype tradition; with a huge box; a black cloth beneath which the photographer was even now lurking; tubes and rubber bulbs and wires and a tripod such as the Delphic priestess herself would not have disdained.

My mother whipped away the handkerchief. I held my breath. My mother stepped back quickly and in so doing she caught her rather high heel in the tripod. The camera crashed to the floor and broke in a hundred pieces.

With the shock of that moment I ceased to hold my breath and deeply inhaled the noxious vapours. My mother was too upset to notice, transfixed with horror at what she had done. Her

bargain looked like landing us with a bill of at least three figures. Grace stood by, erect in her white sari, her dark brown face impassive. The photographer burrowed in the wreckage. My mother stammered her apologies and asked tremblingly how much he thought the damage would come to.

But the photographer, having raised himself, gave a smile like that of one of his own Hindu gods. "It does not matter," he said. "You did not do it on purpose." He added that the photograph would cost rupees five and would be ready in three days time. For in the split second between the removal of the handkerchief and the catastrophe, he had released the shutter. And by some miracle, the plate was unharmed.

My mother continued to apologize. Surely she should give him something towards a new camera? She begged him to accept at least a small token sum. But the photographer shook his head. "You did not do it on purpose," he repeated.

Only now was my existence remembered. I still sat open-mouthed and awestruck, having long since swallowed the last chewed bits of my lozenge. Going back up the steps to the daylight and fresh air, we walked slowly. The handkerchief was forgotten. My father was waiting for us in the car and beginning to get impatient. "I've done a simply terrible thing," said my mother. "I've broken his camera. I've probably done the poor man out of his livelihood." My father looked unconcerned. "Oh, I expect the damn thing came out with Clive," he said, starting the engine.

I was none the worse for my protracted session by the sewer. But when, three days later, the photograph arrived, it was a complete disappointment. Not that it had suffered in any way through the destruction of the camera. As a photographic print, it was perfect; but everyone agreed that it was quite the worst likeness of me ever taken. "Waste of five rupees," said my father. But those five rupees were not entirely wasted. The experience taught me, once and for all, to avoid the Bohemian Fallacy. From that early age I realized that Bohemianism does not necessarily make a great artist.

# BEST SIDE STORY



Prue Pratt (*above*) is a model, so photography means a good deal in her life. Hustler took several pictures of her, first full face, then looking up each way and finally in identical shoulder poses. He reversed one of these in enlarging and claims that if the two were put together it would give the impression of two opposite sides. In fact in the full-face version one of Miss Pratt's eyebrows is drawn rather lower than the other.

Edina Ronay (*above right*), actress daughter of gastronome Egon Ronay, is photogenic from any angle. Hustler thought his full-face shot was the best one but points out that Miss Ronay's hair style would make a differentiation between left and right profiles.

Jane Asher (*right*), daughter of a West End doctor and sister of Peter Asher of Peter and Gordon fame, is among the most photographed of the rising generation of young actresses. Hustler chose this angle as his favourite shot but admits that another photographer might get his best picture in complete profile or even full face.

Tom Hustler is a professional photographer which means that he is usually the best judge of a camera angle. Just the same he does occasionally come up against some pronounced opinions on the subject. A good many sitters—mainly women—insist that he concentrate on their left (or right) profile, “because it’s my best side.” But what are the facts about faces? Hustler conducted a few experiments with some recent sitters (see below) and confirmed an opinion he had held all along—that the two sides of a face are always different but seldom different enough to be more photogenic one than the other. Admittedly all faces have their best angles and sometimes photograph better from one side, but this isn’t often because of bone structure or facial feature. With men, for example, the best side is the one with the most hair. With women too the hair is important and one side of the face will gain or lose according to the design of the hair style. It’s true too that some people feel more comfortable turning their head to one side rather than the other, and the comfort of the posture they adopt can give the photographer a better picture. But good features can be accentuated and bad features played down by good lighting, pose, camera angle and make-up. It’s up to the photographer to advise and direct his subject, much as a film director handles his actors and actresses. The simple ending to the Best Side Story would appear to be: leave it to the photographer



Isla Blair (above), currently appearing in *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* at the Strand Theatre, is the exception that may prove the rule. She definitely photographs differently from each side, but who is to say which is the better? Hustler chose this one

Marilyn Smith (above left) is one of the prettiest of the new model faces this year. Her face would appear to be perfectly symmetrical, but try the experiment of covering one side of the face with a sheet of paper or running a ruler line down the centre of the face from the hair parting and differences at once become obvious

Diana Skyrme (left), niece of Lord Lyle of Westbourne, is also an actress. A difference in the height of her left eyelid sometimes shows in close-up but Hustler chose the full face pose deliberately and brought off a success. He claims that Miss Skyrme would have looked just as good whatever the camera angle

# BEST SIDE STORY



Patricia Donald Smith (*above*), fiancée of Lord Selsdon, was a model. When she came for her engagement pictures to be taken Miss Donald Smith mentioned that her right cheekbone made the best study. Hustler took both sides but got the best picture series of her left cheekbone

Susan Douglas (*above right*), daughter of Lord and Lady Cecil Douglas, is engaged to Baron Botho von Bose. When Hustler took her engagement pictures he shot both profiles in roughly identical lighting. The result: no perceptible difference

Sue Holt (*right*) is a model. She was the subject of some experimental photography and in one of the back-lit shots he made Hustler discovered how a sleek-looking even hairdo can in fact be very uneven in a picture. Miss Holt's profile shots were equally strong from either side



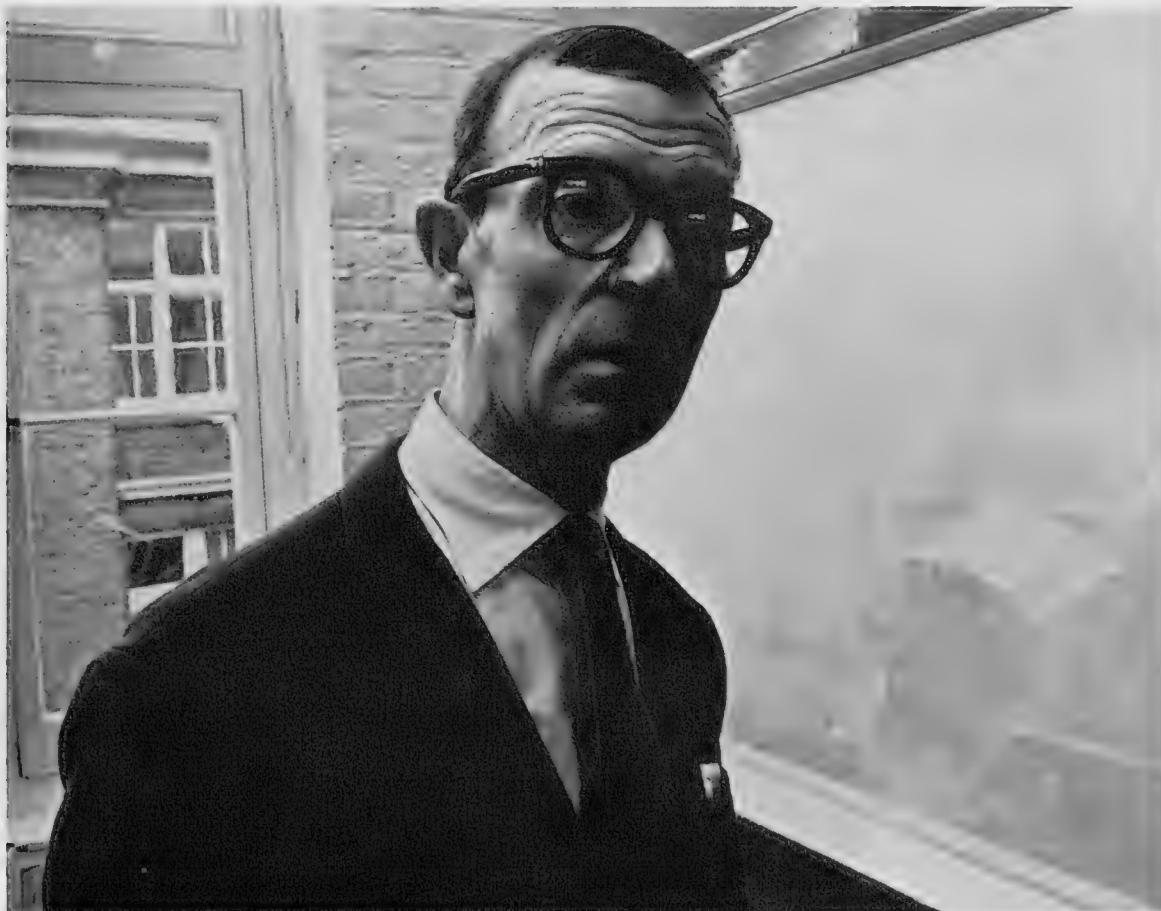
# PATTERNS IN PARALLEL

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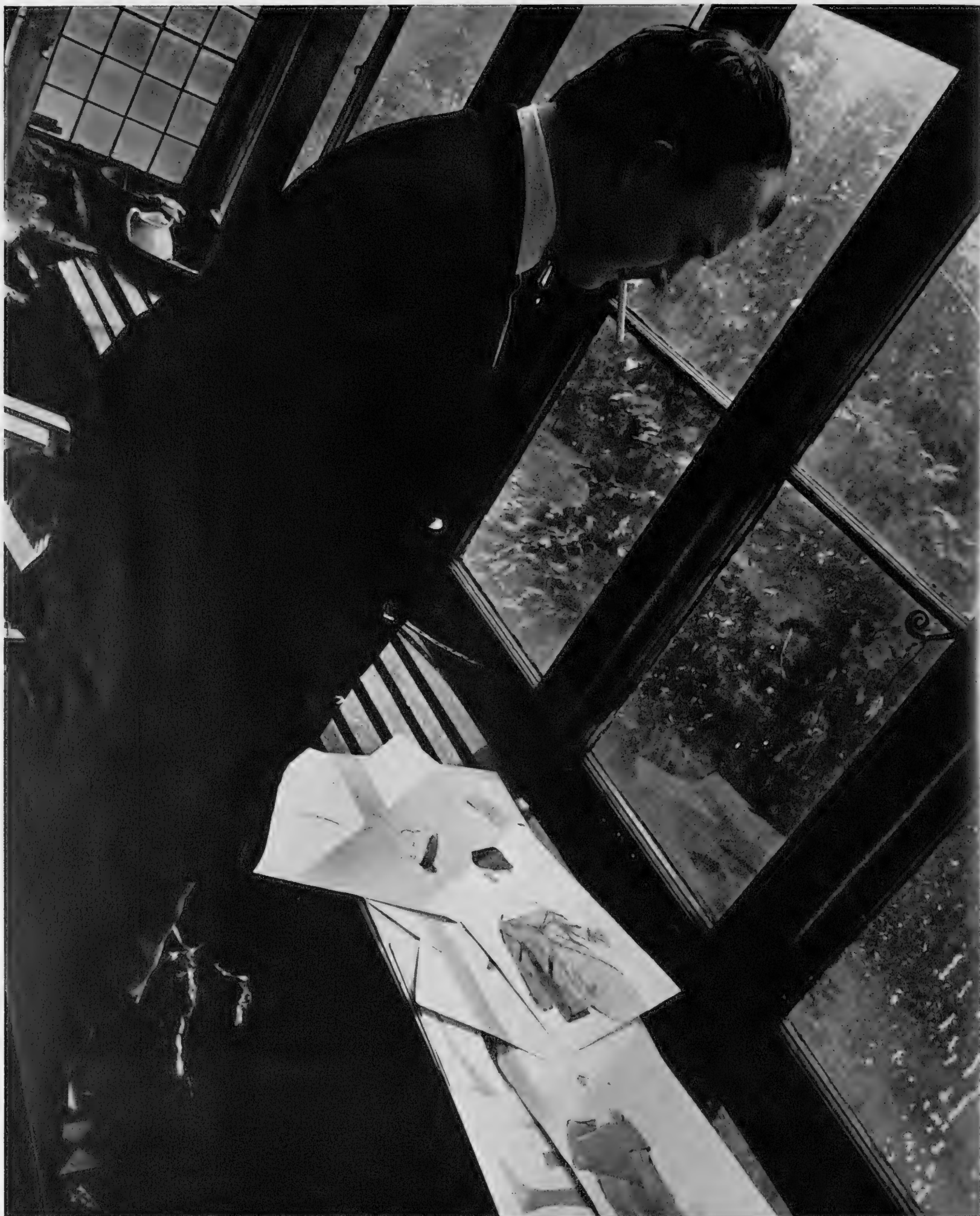
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A hundred years back, when the unlikely miracle of photography had been assimilated by the Victorian world and its commercial possibilities lay plain to view, some alarm arose among those artists of the period who made their living by purely representational work. Their fears were not unfounded, since early photographers from William Fox Talbot to Julia Margaret Cameron onward into the 20th century did tend to concentrate their activities on the personal portrait. It took in fact a good many years for the realization to dawn that painting and photography did not necessarily meet in a head-on collision, but ran parallel to each other. Photography has since lent fresh impetus to painting, notably in the field of abstract art, under the influence, among others, of the Bauhaus school. Strong links remain between the parallel mediums and there might be a case for saying that the photographer could just as easily have become a painter, and that some painters are already photographers in their approach to art. Certain it is that a good many prominent artists with the camera are equally adept with the brush and the palette knife. Paul Vincenzi photographed a gallery of six of them

*John French can lay fair claim to the title of doyen of English fashion photographers. Says French: "As a photographer I am interested in light and its effect on volumes advancing and receding in space. I was a painter first and then never touched a brush for 20 years, concentrating instead on the camera. This for me had an enormously stimulating effect and opened my eyes to things I was not conscious of before." In painting French is most interested in landscapes (see below) and in still life. "I would like to paint the first as beautifully as de Stael and the second as elegantly as Morandi." Last year he spent a summer holiday painting in Spoleto and combined it with visits to Menotti's colourful Festival of Two Worlds*



*Brian Duffy is an acknowledged leader in the field of fashion photography, a man whose work is as much in demand in European countries as over here. His approach has always shown a vivid understanding of contemporary fashion ideas. Not surprisingly since Duffy—his wife calls him that too—started his career as a fashion designer at the St. Martin's School of Art. He studied there from 1949 until 1953, saw no future in it for him under conditions then obtaining and turned to photography with huge success. His skill with a camera is matched by a flair for layout and design and he still works on fashion sketches at his Hampstead home*



*Cecil Beaton represented the popular idea of the elegant photographer in the '30s. He remains the classic example of the designer-photographer whose interests have ranged dramatically. Best-known work for the theatre was his decor for My Fair Lady—he recreated the designs for the film version. Beaton also designed the set and costumes for a new production of La Traviata at New York's Metropolitan Opera. An exhibition of his theatre and film designs was recently held in Los Angeles. His own painting shows unexpected astringency, as witness the collection he keeps at his home in Pelham Place*



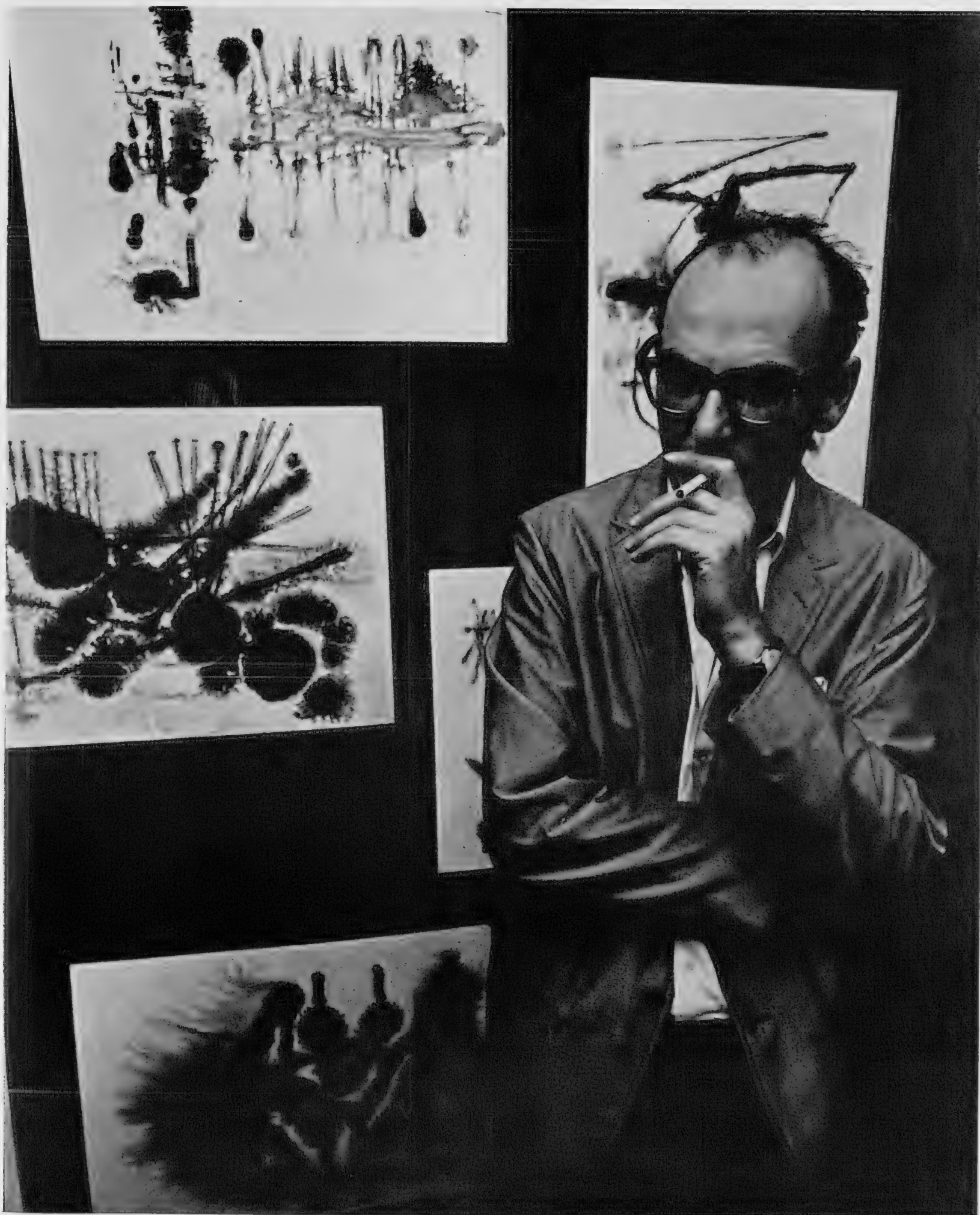
*Lewis Morley is a painter who has made a success of photography, notably in the theatre. For him the two mediums run happily side by side. Morley holds that pure representation is done far better photographically but that painting preserves its unique capacity for expressing the artist's own ideas. His own painting has a graphic quality; he has been experimenting also with the creation of abstract designs from close-up photographs of leaves and grass later greatly enlarged. Recently he has turned to sculpture—his material is a plastic of iron filings mixed in cement—and has produced a head of Christ and the fish shape below*



*Michael Wickham is a man of many talents. One of them is furniture making, which he does most successfully at his house in Wiltshire. He started at the R.A. "late '20s", then began painting portraits, still life and decorations. After the war he went to the Council of Industrial Design until 1950, took up fashion photography briefly then joined a magazine where he was able to concentrate on decor, interiors and furnishing. Just after the war, when no good cameras were available for studio work, Wickham made his own and still uses it*



*John Cole is another leading fashion photographer; he is also art director of a Mayfair studio. For about a year he has been experimenting in designs with Indian ink and cartridge paper. The paper is first soaked in a bath then removed and hung up. When the paper is almost dry, gouts of ink are applied which begin to run into radial patterns. Additional effects are achieved by spreading the ink with a squeegee. Cole works very fast and can produce many designs in an evening, though only a few successes are preserved*



*The breton, this season's signature, here in white straw banded and bow-trimmed with navy, by Dolores, 7½ gns. at Dickins & Jones*

*Second favourite, the turban; this Islamic-print silk version, in green and yellow is a Givenchy copy, 15 gns. at Liberty*

*Caramel straw baby breton, the paler brim black-piped, a big black ribbon bow at the back*

*By R. M. Hats, at Fortnum & Mason*

*Hats that are back-slanted*



FASHION BY UNITY BARNES

Next week will bring the full details of the Paris collections: Ahead of time, start getting in focus on the new hats, handbags, gloves and shoes that we shall be wearing with them to make up the whole look of Spring 1965

Photographs by Bob Brooks

# TOP

flowered, softly draped

High hat in white straw, with scalloped edge and faggotted inset.

By Christian Dior Chapeaux, 17 gns. at Dickins & Jones

Stiff white tulle whipped into a meringue shape,

with a navy satin ribbon bow and rim. By R.M. Hats, at Fortnum & Mason

White voile helmet flower-printed in pink and lilac,

by Alan Couldridge, £5 19s. 6d., at Liberty.

Beige crêpe soft turban with a floppy back bow,

by James Wedge, 9½ gns., at Liberty



# TOTOE

*Silk square printed with brilliant yellow and green birds, £6 15s. at Gucci, 172 New Bond Street*  
*Boxy bag in cinnamon suede with glossy black handle, by Peter Leigh, 5 gns. at Fenwick*  
*Grass-green pigskin purse with gilt bit fastening, £27 15s. at Gucci*  
*Two halves that make an original whole: a pair of small plum suede pochettes, linked together, on a long strap, 19 gns. at Charles Jourdan*



Coarse canvas pochette printed in scarlet and green,  
flapped with scarlet leather, £4 at Gucci  
Hazel pigskin flap bag, double handles ending in gilt  
stirrups, 7½ gns. at Russell & Bromley  
Wrist-length beige kid gloves, at Dickins & Jones  
Navy and white stitched bag with magnetic fastening,  
17 gns. at Russell & Bromley  
Purple and pink silk square by Richard Allen,  
£2 9s. 11d. at Marshall & Snelgrove

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*Bags that are small, chunky, finely detailed*



Beige suede high-fronted chukka boot,

8½ gns. at Bally, 30 Old Bond Street

Black calf ghillie-laced shoe with mahogany suede front,

by Saxone Young Colony, £3 9s. 11d. at West End branches of Saxone

Sepia suede shoe with buckled strap, black calf toe and heel,

£3 9s. 11d. at Manfield, 101 High Street, Watford; Birmingham; Leeds

White buckskin shoe banded and buckled with navy calf on a set-back, solid heel. £7 19s. 6d. at Russell & Bromley, New Bond Street

### Shoes that are buckled, strapped, heavy-heeled



Beige suede slingback with oval toe, covered heel,  
 5½ gns. at Elliott Narrow Fitting Shops, Knightsbridge and Bond Street  
 Mustard suede with front cut-outs, piped with black,  
 £2 9s. 11d. at West End and main provincial branches of Saxone  
 Sandy suede with broad, black-edged buckled strap,  
 £3 9s. 11d. by Holmes at Lilley & Skinner, Oxford Street  
 Olive leather shoe, eyelet-laced, leather heeled.  
 £2 12s. 11d. by Young Londoner at Peter Robinson, Strand



China blue suede shoe with buttoned strap, open back,

8 gns. at Bally London Shoe, 116 New Bond Street

Lupin blue suede slingback, a suede bow across the front,

£5 9s. 6d. at Elliott Narrow Fitting Shop, Knightsbridge

Navy calf slingback, sturdily heeled, with flat

petersham bow, 10 gns. at Charles Jourdan

Black calf spat-fronted shoe inset with apricot suede,

8 gns. at Fortnum & Mason

Aquamarine calf sandal with narrow T-strap

10 gns. at Charles Jourdan

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Shoes that are airy, pastel-toned, two-coloured



Sky blue leather court shoe banded with navy calf,  
8 gns. at Fortnum & Mason.

Navy calf sandal finely stripped with white, 8½ gns.  
at Russell & Bromley, New Bond Street

Beige calf shoe with buckled slingback, shiny black toe-cap,  
£3 19s. 11d. at West End branches of Saxone

Town shoe in navy calf, white suede, 10 gns. at Charles Jourdan  
Orchid pink punched calf "granny" shoe with scalloped  
black toe-cap, black heel. Designed by Gerald McCann  
for Rayne 8½ gns. at Rayne, Regent Street and other Rayne branches



# on plays

Pat Wallace / Another think coming

Anyone who thinks of Gogol purely in terms of *Dead Souls* now has, in that elegant phrase, another think coming, because the Mermaid Theatre has made one of the most delightful productions in London from his comedy, *Marriage*, adapted by Mr. Robert Gillner as **The Marriage Brokers**. It is light-hearted without being in the least trivial and has that rare thing, a second act that is even funnier than the first.

The setting is St. Petersburg during the early 19th century and the plot is concerned with a young girl who has been brought up by an aunt and who now feels that the time has come for her to choose a husband or, more exactly, to have a selection of possible husbands presented to her from whom she can take her pick. To this end a female marriage broker of great vitality and inventive power produces two candidates: one, a brash and hearty type called Stinkemoff who is a de-lousing expert, and

the other a retired naval officer, elderly but with a roving eye. For abstruse though possibly quite valid reasons Natasha considers any profession preferable in a bridegroom to that of a merchant and is not especially repelled by these two hopefuls. Even more to her taste she finds a middle-aged government official whose claims are put forward by his ebullient friend, also acting as a broker in the marriage.

Natasha looks them all over with a certain shyness while her chaperone-aunt takes a repressive view of the whole situation. Stinkemoff and the officer obviously have their drawbacks; the Government official, though painfully shy, reserved and without pretensions, must seem a better bet. There is no question of any prolonged courtship; the plan is to have an immediate engagement and an almost immediate wedding. As the girl says in outrage and despair: "I've got to decide and that

means *thinking!*" Gradually, however, the brisk devotion to "duty" of the male broker begins to carry the day and the more sensitive candidate, Podkolyassin, finds himself elected.

It is here that in spite of every farcical element—and there are many—we see this nervous and withdrawn man as a believable and even as a sympathetic character. Though the girl attracts him he is far more timid than she, dismayed at the idea of changing the whole routine of his life (which mainly consists of sitting on a sofa waiting for promotion) and in a positive trance when it comes to uttering the actual proposal. Gogol has made of this shrinking human being a person we can understand, and though the situation is such that it is impossible not to laugh at him, the laughter is kindly. There but for the grace of God, we feel, goes many an unadventurous suitor.

Naturally enough when his friend persuades him that the engagement is a *fait accompli* he panics, escapes from the house by a window, typically falls into a bed of geraniums and is only dragged back by a drunken coachman. The marriage will go forward and we know

that it has chances of being a happy one. In the meantime the two marriage brokers, who were ostensibly rivals but actually in collusion, congratulate each other and the whole party drives cheerfully off in a vast sleigh to show themselves to their St. Petersburg neighbours.

The casting is admirable. Miss Renée Houston as the first conspirator plays with immense gusto and liveliness, managing the interminable Russian names with a smoothness that should amaze Glasgow, and Mr. John Moffatt as her business colleague brings a perky kind of wit and invention to his performance. Natasha is played by Miss Catherine Feller more plum-like than peachy in her fresh good looks, and Miss Sylvia Coleridge as the aunt has her own spare elegance.

Best of all is Mr. Robert Eddison, perfectly conveying the gaucherie and the almost falling-down ineptitude of the principal suitor and managing to be comic and touching at the same time. This is the kind of play, warm-hearted and amusing, for which one feels the better and I recommend it to all who feel like treating themselves to a happy evening.

# on films

Elspeth Grant / National bafflement week

I wish I knew what Edward Dmytryk had in mind when he produced and directed **The Reluctant Saint**: a touching tale extolling the virtue of simplicity, or a sly dig at the practices of the Church in 17th-century Italy? Who can say? Certainly not the gentleman who sat behind me when I saw the film: the first reel was enough to send him into a deep sleep and he spent the next hour or so drowning the sound track with his snores. But there, I won't blame him for my inability to decide what Mr. Dmytryk's intentions were. I doubt if I'd have been any the wiser had I heard every word of the dialogue.

Giuseppe, the peasant boy who becomes a saint, appears, as played by Maximilian Schell, to be an amiable halfwit, more accident prone than Sellers' Detective Inspector Jacques Clouseau. His walk is an awkward shambling, his grin is nervous and pathetic, he loses jobs as soon as he gets them, and he's a great trial to his hard-working mother, Lea Padovani. The moment this domineering drudge has nagged

her shiftless husband into his grave, she decides to rid herself of Giuseppe and persuades her brother, a monk, to introduce him into the monastery at Otranto as a lay brother.

Giuseppe, who is fond of animals, is happy to be given the chore of looking after the stables—not that he's any good at it. They're in a shocking mess when a visiting bishop (Akim Tamiroff) inspects—but because the bishop is of peasant stock he takes a fancy to the boy on learning that he spent a sleepless night helping a sheep to give birth to two wee white lambs. Through a spot of nepotism (uncle goes to work on the head of the monastery, Ricardo Montalban) and the bishop's patronage Giuseppe (though, as far as one can see, totally unequipped for the priesthood) is eventually ordained.

While celebrating his first Mass, Giuseppe is seen by the congregation (all Brothers) to float up from the ground and hover high in the air before the altar. This feat of levitation is hailed by the majority as a miracle, but Mr. Montalban

dismisses it as a piece of mass hypnotism and maintains that Giuseppe is possessed of a devil which must be exorcised at once.

Throughout the solemn exorcism ceremony, Giuseppe crouches on the floor, festooned in massive chains to keep him in his place. As soon as it's over there's a tremendous clatter. The chains fall from him and he floats up to the ceiling in an attitude of prayer. Thus, through levitation, Giuseppe achieves sainthood.

We are never told if he has other, more useful talents—a gift of healing, say. It's apparently enough that he can levitate. When last seen he is floating ahead of a procession of Franciscans, with Mr. Montalban (wearing a "tchk, tchk—he's off again" expression) hanging on to the tail of his habit to prevent him from flying away altogether. I thought this ending decidedly comic, but must confess I didn't know what to make of the rest of this odd film.

Based on a novel by François Mauriac, which was inspired by an actual case that came before the French courts early this century, **Thérèse** is another somewhat mystifying film—directed by Georges Franju, who seems to me to be cleverer at creating a feeling of claustrophobia than at clarifying

his characters. Thérèse Desqueyroux was alleged, on the family doctor's testimony, to have tried to kill her husband by slow poisoning but as the husband, for reasons of family pride, refused to give evidence against her, she was acquitted.

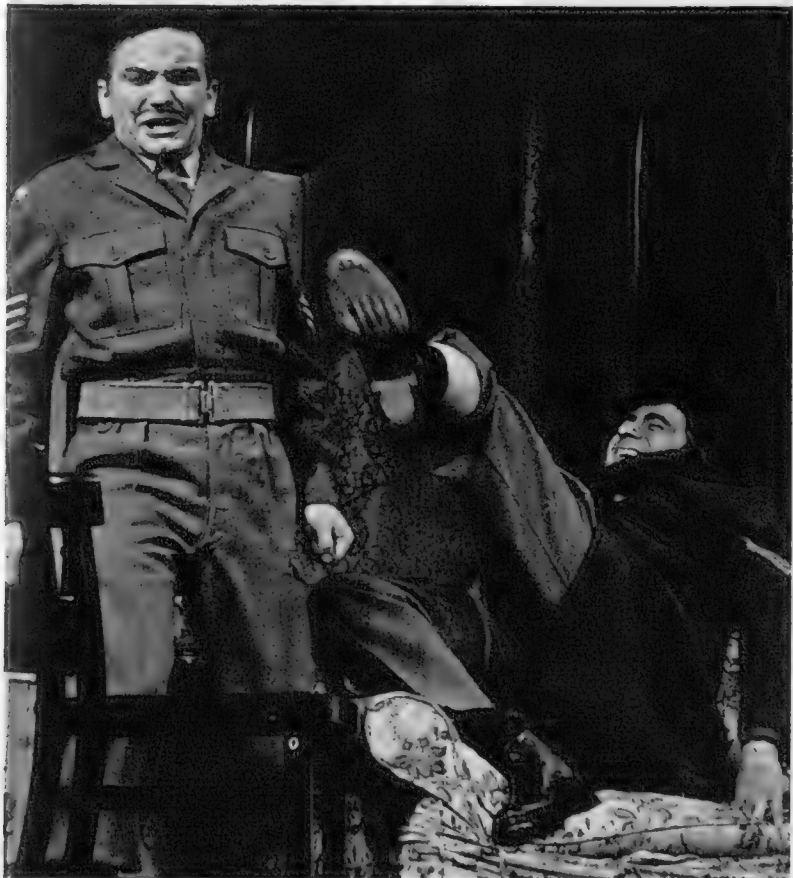
The film opens when the trial is over. A pity—I would have liked to see how it was conducted. Thérèse (beautifully played for complete vagueness by Emmanuele Riva) is collected from outside the court where the hearing has been held by her husband, Bernard (Philippe Noiret, marvellously uninteresting and stolid). The story of her life before and during the early part of her boring marriage is told in flashback. The account of the punishment meted out to her by Bernard after her acquittal—solitary confinement in the house she had disgraced by an attempt, made out of sheer boredom, on her husband's life—follows.

One gathers that Thérèse's early tender relationship (lesbian, one is led to believe) with Bernard's sister, Anne (Edith Scob), was the chief reason for her marriage—she wanted to be Anne's sister-in-law—but Anne disappears from the story when she's sent to Paris by her stuffy, hidebound provincial family to disentangle her from

an undesirable person, a Jewish intellectual (Sami Frey), in whom she seems interested. So Thérèse, deprived of Anne's company and conversation with M. Frey—who has actually read Chekhov—stifles with ennui in her comfortable, provincial-rich home.

All the same, it's a little hard to sympathize with Thérèse. A woman who will poison her husband for no other reason than that she can think of nothing better to do with the time that hangs so heavily on her hands has (for me, at least) little appeal. I pitied her in her

imprisonment in that dreary house—where, living on cigarettes and wine, she becomes a physical wreck—but perhaps I pitied the husband more. When Bernard, unimaginative man though he remains, is so deeply shocked at her condition that he gives her a freedom she could never have expected, she cannot respond to his newly conciliatory mood. She tells him simply that she tried to poison him because she wanted to see a look of alarm on his smug face. As far as I'm concerned, this is slight-bafflement week in the cinema.



PHOTOGRAPHS: DOUGLAS JEFFERY

Continuing their policy of presenting a number of short plays in one evening, the Royal Shakespeare Company have come up with Expeditions 2 currently in repertory at the Aldwych Theatre. There are five plays in this programme including (above) Michael Williams and Philip Brack in Charles Wood's *Don't Make Me Laugh*, and (top) Wyn Jones in *The Wideawakes* by Irene Coates

## on books

Oliver Warner / Letters from the Duke

Anything that the present Duke of Wellington writes about the first Duke is well worth attention, for he is a scholar and a discriminating admirer of his predecessor. In **Wellington and His Friends**, which consists of letters selected and edited by the seventh Duke of Wellington (Macmillan 45s.), there is assembled, with the minimum of commentary, a sequence of missives to Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot, the Countess of Wilton, Princess Lieven, and Miss Burdett-Coutts. "No one can pretend that the Duke was one of the great letter-writers," says the editor: nevertheless, the book is crowded with interesting observations on men and events of the later period of the Duke's life. He wrote to Princess Lieven in accomplished French, and there is a translation in an appendix. Final grace, there are good illustrations, including some of Wellington's hand-writing.

"Great grandmother of 84 has 8-pound son." This is one of the newspaper tit-bits following the discovery and distribution of a rejuvenating drug, the result of research by a British doctor. The whole extraordinary business is unfolded in Chapman Pincher's novel **Not With a Bang** (Weidenfeld & Nicolson 21s.) which I can best classify as science fiction of a most uncommon sort in that, quite apart from following up the consequences of bestowal on the public of what proves in the end to be a very doubtful blessing, Pincher knows how to create convincing characters. He also has the necessary range of knowledge to make his story not only swift-moving, but all too credible.

Anne Rider's **The Bad Samaritan** (Bodley Head 16s.) is a novel on a much smaller scale in length and ramification. It is concerned with the dilemma of a brother and sister living in Rome when an old flame of the brother's suddenly arrives from England but as a fugitive. She has killed her husband. As the tale moves towards its climax, brother, sister and refugee are seen in all their complex bewilderment. I have not come across a better account of life in present-day Rome among the well-to-do and the artistic, and though I would not rate the book a complete success, Anne Rider has little to learn about

character drawing, and she is never obvious.

**Manuel** by Christopher Jackson (Cape 21s.) could be thought the raw material of a crime story, though it is far more worthwhile than most fiction in this category. It is a factual study of a youth imprisoned in Chile for the particularly brutal killing of an older man in Valparaíso three years ago. As the author emphasizes, Manuel is not an attractive figure: attention at all costs is what he wants. Here he gets it in abundance, and to the student of human nature, and incidentally of South America, I can recommend the book as both well-written and sympathetic.

**Briefly . . . All Over Down Under** by Rosemary Field (Hale 21s.) gives an account of the experiences of three girls who wanted to explore Australia, and who worked their way on a very modest outlay. Trains, a cargo boat, hitch-hiking, camping—all have their part in a refreshing sort of travel book. . . . **The Flint and the Flame** by Earle Davis (Gollancz 32s. 6d.) has for its basis the conviction that Charles Dickens "developed in his mastery of his craft; that he was not an unconscious genius ('an original'); and that his control of narrative technique progressed in importance and fulfilment." This is careful, detailed, and likely to appeal to more advanced Dickensians. . . . Another book, concerned this time with a still controversial literary figure who excites admiration and dislike in almost equal measure, is **Ezra Pound's Kensington** (Faber 30s.) sub-titled "An Exploration, 1885-1913." London of the pre-First War era seems a very long way away, and most of the figures who crowd the pages are as vanished as the Kensington of which there is a most evocative photograph.

Lady Howard de Walden's **Pages From My Life** (Sidgwick & Jackson 30s.) is a confessedly artless chronicle written mainly for her family. But as her life has been long, crowded and adventurous, and as she has real love for the young, it is likely that she will find a wider circle enjoying the experiences she relates. . . . If you are as bad at languages as I am you may find a new series valuable. There are "Traveller's Phrase Books," **French**.

**German, Spanish, Italian** (Cape 6s. each) and they are to be followed later by similar items covering Russian and Greek. The size alone (3½ in. x 5½ in.) puts one in a good mood, and there are special sections dealing with travel generally, hotels, feeding in restaurants, post office phraseology, together with what might be

called a basic dictionary. There is no such thing as a perfect phrase book, but the editors who designed these little books certainly knew their way around. . . . And if you believe liferunsincycles, Darrell Huff's **Cycles in Your Life** (Gollancz 15s.) may well strike you as amusing, if only for the line drawings by Anatol Kovarsky.

## on records

Gerald Lascelles / Several shades of blue

Confusion must exist in many readers' minds about the overlapping terminology connected with the word "blues," which is bandied about loosely both in the field of popular entertainment and on record sleeves today. The *authentic* blues, sung by such obscure but colourful characters as Memphis Minnie, Curley Weaver, and Papa Lightfoot, and by the well known Brownie McGhee and John Lee Hooker, can be heard on **Livin' With The Blues** (Realm). This is a really splendid collection, all recorded around 1950, some from the country, others from the big cities.

**Folk Blues Song Feast** (Ember) features material so

closely identified with that of the first album mentioned that I find it hard to justify the addition of the word "folk" in this instance. I suspect that the purists do not wish their heroes, and indeed mine, to be mixing it with the spurious contemporary copyists. McGhee appears here again, also Leadbelly, Sonny Terry with an immaculate solo version of *Beautiful City*, Jack Dupree, and the unforgettable Bill Broonzy, who had an astonishing way of gripping his audience in person, and anyone fortunate enough to hear him during his life will probably still sense it in his records.

Both John Lee Hooker from the Realm album, and Memphis

Slim from the Ember album appear on **Rhythm and Blues All Stars** (Pye), but the majority of the material, down to the final Muddy Waters version of **Got My Mojo Working**, indicates the more sophisticated nature of this music, and one can see that the popularity of R & B has enticed many artists previously associated with blues to cash in on its new-found glory. As a historical point, many of the old blues artists can only make a living in America by getting in line with the popular trend! Even so, the dividing line remains impossibly thin, and devotees of the rival styles would be well advised to hear what they are buying before making their decision.

Last autumn a more unusual album was released, **Rhythm and Blues Party** (Mercury), featuring some of the best pieces by groups like Louis Jordan, Red Prysock, Sil Austin, and Ruth Brown. The accent is evenly divided between vocal and instrumental work, and can be regarded as authentic R & B, played here by the groups which played it in Harlem 20 years ago and more. Its close affinity to jazz can quickly be appreciated, notably in the two tracks by Louis Jordan, and in Red Prysock's rousing *Foot Stompin'*.

The 16 tracks represent noisy but exhilarating listening, matched to some extent by Ruth Brown's bluesy singing in **The Best of Ruth Brown** (Atlantic), which runs for 14 tracks.

An essential set for blues fans is the second volume of **Sonny Boy Williamson** (Storyville), where the singer is joined by pianist Memphis Slim in some incredibly earthy performances. Approaching 70, he presents an almost Mephistophelean appearance as his tall figure hunches over the microphone, squeezing music from his harmonica in the gaps between his song-lines. His blues are in the country style, the personal saga of his life, that he told all over Europe during his long stay here in the past two years.

The powerful dynamics of Lightnin' Hopkins' guitar playing intersperses his varied blues singing in **Hootin' the Blues** (Stateside). The Houston horn artist combines the sophisticated approach demanded by club audiences with the intense feeling of loneliness that so often surrounds the lives of these essentially itinerant musicians. He repeats the message with even greater feeling in **Burnin' in L.A.** (Fontana), one of their Folk Blues series of recordings.

## on galleries

Robert Wraight / Springtide

It may just be my imagination, but spring appears to have come early to London's commercial art galleries. After what, in retrospect, seems to have been a hard winter for art, this month suddenly brought forth a crop of very varied and worth-seeing exhibitions.

First on my list must come Philip Sutton's show that turns the Roland, Browne & Delbanco Gallery into a hothouse ablaze with colour and sunshine. Here are the long-awaited pictures painted during more than a year spent in the Fiji Islands. But the overall atmosphere is not one of exoticism but of the artist's pleasure in the act of painting, joy in the handling of bright colours to create frankly pleasurable effects. It underlines, by contrast, the deadening effects of the constraint under which so many artists work in these days of contracts providing regular exhibitions. There is no feeling here that, as is so often the case, an artist was

working with a deadline and a dealer breathing down his neck.

The inclusion of one of his pre-Fiji canvases in the exhibition shows that (contrary to an assertion made in a curious catalogue-note) Sutton's style has undergone a considerable change. Before he went away his reputation was mainly as a painter of nudes and children. His design, which owed much to Matisse, was bold, even daring, but he applied his paint thinly, delighting especially in subtle, pinky flesh-tones. The Fijian paintings are nearly all land and/or seascapes (the only figure painting is of one of his own children) in which intense blues, reds, oranges and greens contend for the spectator's glad eye. But it is the way in which the paint is put on that is new for Sutton. It shows an assurance and verve that suggest that his year "away from it all" has released some power in him that we shall see develop even more excitingly in his future work.

There is more bright colour (and some satisfying grey) at the Marlborough New London Gallery, where the Dutchman Friso ten Holt is being given his second London exhibition. The first, at the same gallery in 1962, was heralded by great trumpetings from critic John Berger who saw ten Holt as a sort of grandson of Cézanne. There is certainly no denying the brilliance of his colour, it is inescapable, yet it seems to me that he is at his best not in his sun-filled seashore scenes but in the few moody landscapes in which, for all the turbulent brushwork, there is still something of the great tradition of the low-toned Dutch landscape painting of the 17th and 18th centuries.

At their other gallery in Bond Street, Marlborough have two more exhibitions. One is of recent work by Frank Auerbach, who has joined Marlborough from the late and lamented Beaux Arts Gallery, the other of drawings and a few sculptures by Gaudier-Brzeska, the 50th anniversary of whose death falls on 5 June.

Auerbach is an artist whose work has so far meant little to me. His inch-plus thick paint has always seemed gimmicky and, even if, as has

been explained, "his dense impasto is not deliberate but the inevitable outcome of over-working, pointing and stressing," it is no more admirable. His method of churning his paint into mud in order to convey the sense of mud on a building site or on Primrose Hill has held no charm for me. Yet I am bound to admit that at this new show I found it fascinating to back away from such canvases as the *Jym in the Studio* and *Head of Helen Gillespie* series and see the images emerge as if by magic from what at first appeared to be meaningless agglomerations of pigment. And a large, warm-hued *Primrose Hill, Summer Sunshine* almost won me over to his landscapes.

I wrote here at some length about Gaudier-Brzeska last year when the Folio Society held an exhibition of his drawings and sculpture. There is no need, therefore, to say more about the present exhibition than that it is rather bigger and better than that one. But I recommend it particularly to all those who may still be unaware of the remarkable achievement of this strange genius who died in the First World War when he was aged only 24.

Confused by the welter of technical information that surrounds the business of taking a picture, ANGELA INCE asked Joan Wickes, Editor of Good Photography, some amateur questions about cameras and photography. John Hedgecoe took the professional picture overleaf



I have done a certain amount of snapshot photography, and now I want to take pictures of professional standard. What would be the best camera to buy?

A lot depends on how much money you want to spend and what type of picture interests you most. A twin-lens reflex camera taking 12 pictures on size 120 roll-film is probably best. Thoroughbred among these is the Rolleiflex which comes in several models, main variation being the lenses fitted. If your interest is mainly in "candid"-type pictures, then a 35mm. single-lens reflex might be better (remembering that the small negative imposes limitations) as they are quicker to handle and may have faster lenses. With a reflex camera you view and focus through the taking lens.

**What are filters and do I need them?**

Filters are coloured discs of glass, often clipped or screwed in front of a lens. In black-and-white photography a yellow or yellow-green is the most useful. This has the effect of helping to show up in the final print any clouds present when photographs are taken on a sunny day. Alternative colours are made for other purposes, but need not worry the average camera owner. For colour photography with a clear blue sky or up in the mountains, a U.V. (ultra-violet) filter can be an asset as it reduces a tendency for excessive blueness to appear on transparencies. This filter is either clear glass in appearance or perhaps tinted slightly pink.

**Is a light meter necessary for non-professional pictures?**

No. Most films have a small instruction sheet with a table showing suggested exposure for various main types of subject in varying light. Used with common sense, this is surprisingly reliable for black-and-white or colour films.

**Please recommend a good and easy camera for home movies.**

Again, a lot depends on how much you spend, but nowadays many of them have a built-in "electric eye" which adjusts the lens setting auto-

matically according to light, leaving the user with no troubles in that direction for 80 per cent or more of what is taken. Zoom lenses are popular, giving wide-angle, normal and telephoto effects without needing a set of different lenses. These are complicated to manufacture, so be wary if the price is low. Among 8mm. electric-eye, zoom lens cameras, the Sankyo models are very compact (£69.10.0 and £49.10.0) as is the Cine Canonet 8 (£49.19.6); the Eumig S3 is very reasonably priced (£36.18.2), and the Bolex S1 (£99.19.6) is an example of Swiss precision engineering. Among the electric-eye cameras with ordinary lenses are the Leicina 8S (£91.4.8) from the makers of the famous Leica 35mm. still camera, the Kodak Electric 8 Automatic (£43.9.0), the Bell and Howell Autoset II (£29.11.3) and the Admira 8F (£24.10.0), often considered a "best buy."

**Is it worth developing pictures myself? If so, where do I find out how to?**

If you enjoy fiddling around with solutions and are methodical by nature, yes—otherwise it's best to get a reliable firm to do it for you. There are several handbooks on developing and printing, from around 2s. 6d. upwards. Any photographic dealer will show you them.

**I long for one of those tiny spy cameras. What are they called and where can I buy one?**

You are probably thinking of the Minox, which is not much larger than a fountain-pen and may be carried in the breast pocket or handbag. The Minox-B in chrome has its own built-in exposure meter and costs £79.12.8. If you fancy the full M15, there is an all-black version for an extra £10-£11. Any large photo dealer should be able to show you the camera, and also its range of special accessories.

**I have taken up bird-watching and need an attachment that takes sharp pictures from a distance.**

If you have the right kind of camera, say, a single-lens reflex, it is possible to get ultra-long telephoto lenses to fit in place of the standard lens. These work the same way as a telescope, but

they must be kept very steady, for the telephoto effect magnifies any camera movement, as well as the bird you are photographing. For a few cameras it is possible to buy an attachment to fit in front of the normal camera lens and give a magnified picture, though the quality of the result may not be as good as the special telephoto lens mentioned.

**Is a flash lamp easy to use for interior pictures?**

Yes—if you are photographing people or other subjects fairly close to the camera—it's just a question of following the simple instructions supplied with the flashgun and flashbulbs.

**Please explain about different films for different conditions.**

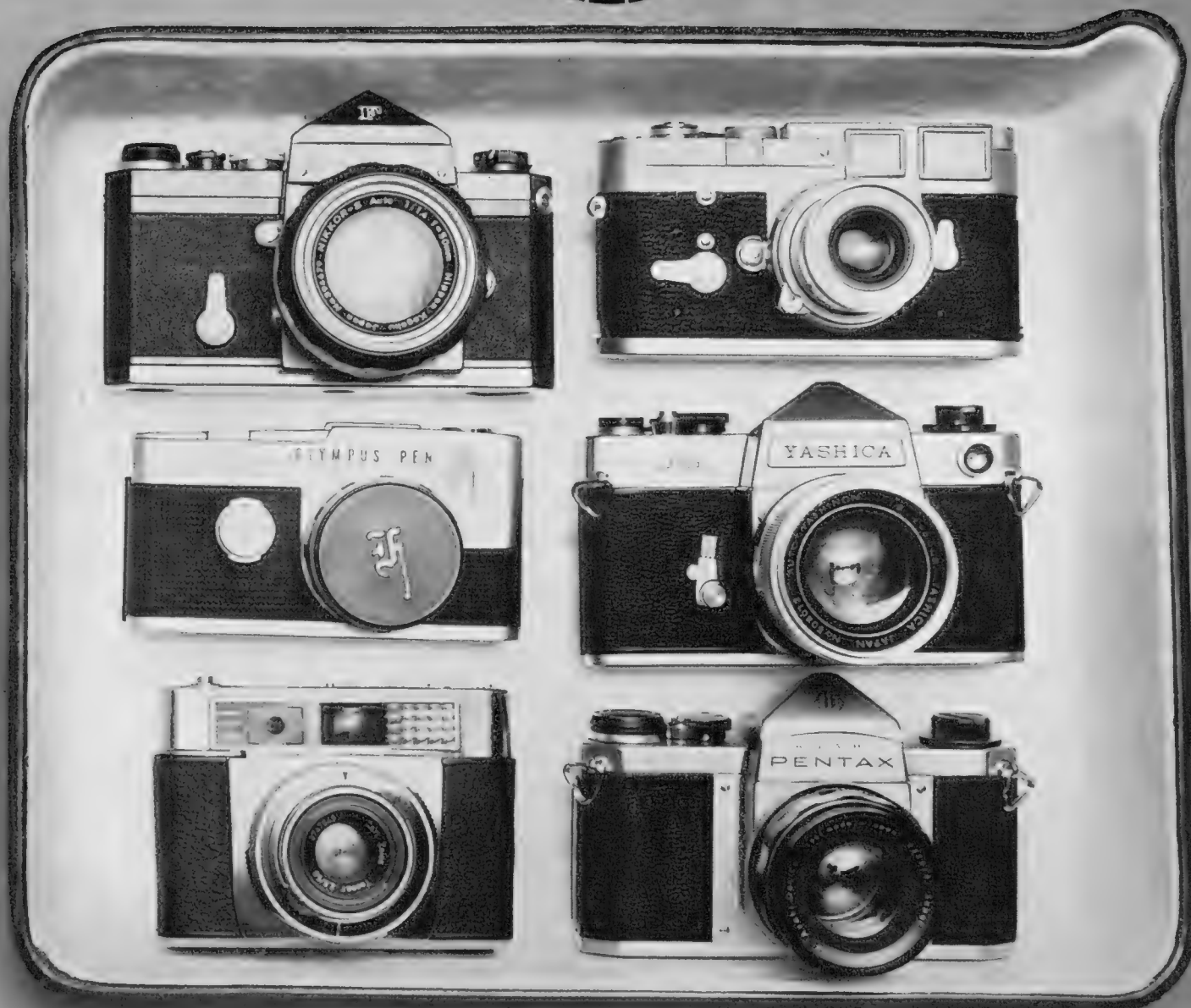
Films are made in different speeds and may be grouped as fast, medium and slow for general purposes. For ordinary outdoor photography, the medium speed is best (e.g. Ilford FP3 or Kodak Plus X), giving good quality without the "grain" of the emulsion showing in enlargements; indoors or for any pictures in artificial light, one of the fast films should be chosen (Kodak Tri-X or Ilford HP3), for this allows the camera to be used under dimmer conditions. The slow films need not concern the ordinary camera user, as they are more difficult to use and more suitable for the real enthusiast.

**I seem to have bought an awful lot of equipment. Is there a fitted camera bag on the market?**

There are several holdalls or gadget bags, some with one or two compartments for general use, while others have adjustable compartments which you can arrange to suit your own equipment (the Rox Combination Cases in four sizes from £12.13.8), or have clips to take popular shapes and sizes of cameras and accessories (the Omnica from £13.1.10). Recently introduced are the Custom cases, looking rather like small suitcases, in which plastic foam interiors are cut out with a special tool to fit snugly round the camera and other items (from £6.17.6). Some of the high-class cameras have their own range of special cases, too.



# QUESTIONS IN CAMERA



In the developing dish, from top left to right: six single-lens cameras: Nikon F, £121 9s. 3d., with Nikkor Auto lens, £96 13s. 11d.; Leica M3, £132 12s. 5d., with 50 mm. f2.8 Elmar lens, £29 2s. 2d.; Olympus Pen F, £69 1s. 0d.; Yashica J5, £99 15s.; Zeiss Ikon Contessa, £50 16s. 9d; Asahi Pentax, £72 10s. *Opposite page.* Top: Mamiyaflex C.3 twin lens reflex camera, £111 2s. 6d. From left: Mecablitz 115 flash attachment, £22 19s. 6d.; Bolex S1 reflex automatic cine camera, £116 7s. 5d.; Tamron Twin telephoto lens, £29 19s. 6d., complete with case [not shown]; Canonet 8 cine camera, £49 19s. 6d.; Rolleiflex 3.5F twin lens reflex, £150 14s. 11d.; Minox B miniature camera, £88 7s. complete with case [not shown]

Filters from a selection at Wallace Heaton.

All equipment from Wallace Heaton, 127 New Bond Street, W.1, except for the Bolex cine camera, from Harrods

# MAN'S WORLD

David Morton / The real central heating

In these northern islands, it's fairly safe at any time of the year to assume that cold weather is ahead. On the hottest June day there are Jeremiahs who warn us darkly that "we shall have to pay for it later," which seems a horribly guilt-ridden attitude, and at this time of the year coldness seems to be naturally in the order of things. Even so people go on shivering, apparently having dressed in a room heated to 75 degrees, a temperature which they expected would be maintained out of doors as well. I was told the other day of a man with a delightfully warm house in the country; when a guest asked him what he burnt to heat it he answered very succinctly "Money." It's much the same with what you wear, I think, and I've been looking round the shops to see just what sort of warmth a few pounds will buy.

It soon becomes apparent that a man must choose be-

tween being warm and being a fashion plate. Warm clothing is almost always bulky and more practical than elegant. It follows that it's easier to be sensibly dressed for cold weather in the country than in a city. Cogswell & Harrison in Piccadilly, for example, have some wonderful cold weather country clothes, most of them geared to shooting. I imagine their down-filled quilted waistcoat would be as warming as a bottle of Scotch, and less likely to spoil one's aim. They also have mittens and a clever metal handwarmer—it runs on lighter fuel, and really works. Herbert Johnson in Bond Street have some grand cold weather hats—one of them with fur lining and earflaps looks just right for the frozen north—and navy balaclava helmets. Hand-knitted six-footer coaching scarves, too, for four guineas. The White House, farther up Bond Street, have wonderfully light and warm scarves in cashmere—stone,

pale blue, and camel in plain colours, and plaids too.

I've found two secret weapons in a running war against the electricity board: a string vest, worn under a silk shirt and a cashmere jersey, and a pair of fleece lined boots. Expensive, but they've already paid for themselves as far as I can see from my electricity bills. Cashmere jerseys sometimes pop up in sales, at least that's how I found mine; meanwhile, Simpson in Piccadilly have a very handsome V-neck pull-over in pure white for £8 10s. I haven't gone as far as cashmere socks yet, but when the thermometer really drops I shall make for Budd in Piccadilly Arcade—they have such socks, 100% cashmere, for 39s. 6d.

Sheepskin lined boots: the London Shoe Company in New Bond Street have some pretty cosy ones in brown suede or black calf, with two lace-holes, six guineas. And Simpson in Piccadilly have black suede boots with high-rising crepe rubber soles and a zip-up fastening for £8 15s.; to be warm upstairs as well as down, they also have a nice shearling coat, grey with a black beaver

collar, for £47.

I said it was difficult to be warm and well dressed in towns, a sweeping statement I have to withdraw after seeing Sulka's splendid black cashmere coat, single-breasted, three-button, with cuffed sleeves, £48 10s. Another sound, warm topcoat for town wear is the dark grey Chesterfield, tailored by Chester Barrie, at Liberty in Regent Street. This is in the classic Chesterfield style, fly fronted, with two flapped pockets and a black velvet collar, made up in a very dark grey cloth with a slight herringbone pattern; it costs £41 10s.

Now, to digress from these winning tactics in the cold war, I would like to mention some slippers. I've seen some nice ones for casual wear at the London Shoe Company, in black calf for five guineas, or black suede for six. They have elastic sides and are light and comfortable without looking sloppy. Elliott have some black calf heelless slippers lined with black and white spongebag cloth for 55s. 9d. which come into the same category and they don't look out of place under ordinary trousers.



Georgina Ward appears at the Arts Theatre in August Strindberg's *Miss Julie*, in a double bill with Jules Feiffer's *Crawling Around*

# DINING IN

Helen Burke / Pancakes: plain and savoury

I always find it puzzling that we make so much of pancakes on Shrove Tuesday yet, even if we like them very much, do not make them again until the following year. It may be because pancakes have always been regarded as a last-minute job and, therefore, a bit of a nuisance. Chefs have always made pancakes in advance and stacked them to use later. Some people may not like to do this, but it helps with the creation of a wide range of dishes, savoury and sweet. Pancakes, indeed, could be one of our best allies in the keeping down of catering costs.

You can make a really rich mixture, or that useful Yorkshire Pudding batter, enriched with eggs which, at the moment, are inexpensive. For a batch of pancakes, 2 to 3 eggs make a better batter and subsequent pancakes than one.

Then there is the point of adding oil or butter to the batter at the last minute. For your next pancakes, try this: Cook  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of butter in the frying-pan to the barely golden stage when it is beginning to exude the lovely nutty aroma of *beurre noisette*. This, stirred into the batter, adds to the flavour of the pancakes.

First, then, plain PANCAKES for next Tuesday. If you want to serve them hot, as made, you need at least two pans. Sift 4 oz. of plain flour and a pinch of salt into a basin. Make a well in the centre and drop in 1 or 2 eggs. Gradually, mix in  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of liquid (milk and water, half and half) and beat well. Leave to rest for a little. (These days, we are told that this is not necessary, but I still do it.) Just before making the pancakes, stir in  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of butter, melted and barely coloured, as above.

Have two 7-inch pans warming on the cooker. Dip a pad of cotton wool in a little butter and rub it over the bottom of each fairly hot pan. Pour into each pan just enough batter to cover the bottom when you turn the pan this way and that. Cook the pancakes just long enough to brown the bottoms slightly then toss or turn them with a palette knife and lightly brown the other sides. Turn each pancake on to a sheet of greaseproof paper sprinkled with caster sugar, squeeze a little lemon juice over them,

roll up and keep hot while making the remainder of the pancakes in the same way.

Those pancakes, as made, can be stacked on an inverted plate with or without a piece of greaseproof paper or aluminium foil between each. They can be used hours later for any kind of filling you wish. And this is where pancakes can help domestic economy because they can make a little go a long way.

Chicken, for instance, is in itself inexpensive. The last bits and pieces of a cooked bird, together with a few mushrooms and a little grated Parmesan cheese, can make a really excellent dish for four—that is, two stuffed pancakes each. Or, if you have a small can of chicken breast in the store cupboard chop either the left-over or the whole piece and proceed as follows: make about  $\frac{3}{8}$  pint of a simple Bechamel sauce. Simmer a slice of onion, a pinch of grated nutmeg or a tiny piece of mace and a clove for a few minutes in just under  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of milk. Season to taste. Leave to become almost cold.

In another pan, simmer just  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of plain flour in  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of butter, without colouring it. Remove from the heat and strain the flavoured milk into it. Return to the heat, stir while it comes to the boil and then simmer to reduce the sauce to a medium thickness.

For a good breakfast-cup of chopped cooked chicken, allow 2 to 3 oz. of fairly finely chopped mushrooms. (Stems will do very well.) Fry them for a minute in a little butter. Add the chicken pieces. Season to taste.

Stir a tablespoon of grated Parmesan into the sauce and add half of it to the chicken-mushroom mixture.

Lay the pancakes on the table and divide the mixture between them. Form each into a nice self-contained parcel by putting a portion of the filling on one half of each; roll half-way, turn the ends over and in, then finish the rolling.

Place the pancakes, side by side and in one layer, in a shallow oven-dish, spoon the remaining sauce over them and slip them into a hot oven (400 to 425° F., or gas mark 6 to 7) for 10 to 15 minutes to colour a little. If you add a beaten egg to the top sauce, it will brown much more quickly and the dish will be more nourishing.

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There are four main rules. 1 *Wash in water that's not too hot nor too cold. Use the soap lather like a cream, massaging it from finger tips to wrist. Rinse the hands, dry carefully and apply hand cream or lotion.*

2 *Protect the hands with rubber gloves for all wet work and always wear gloves in cold weather. Form the morning habit of rubbing hand lotion or cream into your hands after making up your face. Treat the hands to another application each night.*

3 *Exercise your hands to keep them young and supple. You can do it at odd moments during the day, waiting for a telephone call or watching television. Shake the hands loosely from the wrist to relax them and release any congestion in the veins. Clench the fists tightly and fling the fingers widely apart; play five-finger exercises on the table; place the tips of the fingers together and bend the fingers of first one hand backwards and then the other; wring the hands like a tragedy queen.*

4 *Use your hands well, always lead with the wrist and when not using them for any definite purpose let them lie relaxed, palms upwards on your lap. Before going to sleep at night see that they are not clenched but relaxed.*

*There are so many excellent hand creams and lotions to be bought that any list I could give would be monotonously long, but here are three which have a special plus. The first is Endocil Hand-care, a new non-greasy cream that contains a special youth-giving ingredient which is in Endocil Beauty Treatment Cream itself. This cream is made in two variations—Treatment O for normal hands and Treatment S for hands that are really difficult.*

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*The third is by Pacquin, for those who like the convenience of a tube but prefer a lotion to a cream. It comes in a pretty pink and black plastic tube.*

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*Endocil Hand-care: Treatment O and Treatment S, price 5s. 3d. each. Countess Csaky's Hand Cream, price 12s. Pacquin's Hand Lotion, price 2s. 6d.*

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# MOTORING

An acquired taste

Two thousand pounds buys a lot of motor car if you invest in a transatlantic-built vehicle, and the Canadian-produced Rambler Classic estate car in which I have been driving around recently would certainly suit those who want plenty of space. It really is capacious in its body, which will easily seat half-a-dozen large adults and carry, in the tail section, an extremely bulky load. From bow to stern it measures 16 feet 3 inches, and is just over 6 feet wide, yet so adept are they in North America at building large cars that this massive looking vehicle weighs no more than 26 hundredweight.

It is very well powered into the bargain, with a six-cylinder engine of 3.8 litres that develops 145 b.h.p. and, with automatic transmission, this station wagon costs £2,018 5s. 5d. If more power is desired, a V-8 engine of 198 b.h.p. is optional at a further £163. American type cars are an acquired taste; they are slick to look at but the antithesis of our idea of good taste when one gets inside. However, the American-printed pamphlet describes the instrument panel as elegant in style and concept. It glitters with bits of chrome and alu-

minium. Also the steering wheel is unduly large and not only makes it difficult to enter the driving seat but involves an awful lot of twirling on corners.

These criticisms apart, there was a great deal of charm about the way the car ran, its quietness under the bonnet and instant power when the accelerator pedal was pressed. The manoeuvrability was good, too, and it could be turned round in only 37 feet, if one twiddled that low-geared steering wheel fast enough. On the motorway the car rode comfortably and had a safe feeling at all speeds up to the maximum which I considered was sufficient for the rather unpleasant weather conditions—about 85 m.p.h. There was still power in hand, and probably a further 15 m.p.h. would have been quite practicable, given suitable conditions.

The spume thrown up by the wheels was, however, sucked back by the flat rear window, which soon became opaque (incidentally, the window could be lowered by means of an ingenious folding handle at the rear); this problem was overcome by the adjustable mirrors fitted on each door. One curious feature brought out by the wet

weather was that the screen-wipers are still of the vacuum operated type, which vary their speed according to throttle opening. Screen washers were worked by a pedal near the foot-brake. Fuel consumption I found to be lighter than might have been expected, and averaged between 18 and 20 m.p.g.

One feature I definitely did *not* like was the brakes, which acted violently when the car was travelling slowly, though they behaved very well at touring speeds: power assistance had been fitted (an optional extra on the six-cylinder model but standard on the V-8) and needed detuning for low speeds, which I understand was done later.

When I was driving at night, with all lights in action, I found that speed had to be kept down to stay within the range of the four headlamps which, for so large a car, are quite small. This tendency is unfortunately growing now that the fronts of cars are being sloped downwards, leaving little space for headlamps of normal circular shape.

Only a short time before trying the Rambler I had been in France seeing how this problem is being overcome there by making them rectangular and

thereby squeezing the same reflector area into a wide shallow space admirably suited to the latest styling fashion of body designers.

In the factory near Paris of Projecteurs Cibié I was shown how the optical system had been evolved—largely the work of M. Pierre Cibié himself, a recognized expert on the subject—and then saw the rectangular lamps in production. They are fitted to the new Renault 16 and also to the Citroën Ami Six, while auxiliary lamps (long range and fog type) are also made in the same shape.

Equally interesting to examine was the new quartz iodine bulb, and to see it in action after dark in the park of the Château at Versailles. This source of light offers advantages over the ordinary tungsten bulb, in that the white brilliance it gives is eminently suited to a long range headlamp and, surprisingly enough, is not as dazzling as one would imagine. The bulb itself is tiny and operates at enormous heat, but nevertheless has a longer life than one of plain tungsten. We shall hear a lot more about quartz iodine for use on cars at no very distant date.

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# ANTIQUES

"Painting is one art, tapestry weaving is entirely another." So wrote Helen Churchill Candee in her *Tapestry Book*. Just the same, examples of portrait weaving from the various large tapestry manufacturing centres of Europe have, on occasions, achieved the highest technical brilliance, and in some instances paintings were executed specifically to be translated into tapestry portraits.

In Italy a portrait weaving of St. Francis from the Florence ateliers is known to have been worked in 1580, and several portraits (mainly of religious derivation) were worked during the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries at the Rome and San Michele workshops. Records of 1770 show too that Spanish craftsmen in Madrid worked the portrait of Carlos III, now in the State collection. Fine examples were produced in the Netherlands, probably the most prolific tapestry producing area in the world, and England contributed several exceptional

portraits around 1700. But it was the French who seem to have been responsible for the widest range, in particular the products of those who were employed at the famous Gobelins weaving centre.

During Louis XIV's reign little interest was shown in portrait weaving; instead the factory was engaged on grandiose productions like the superb series of designs by Le Brun—*The Acts of The Apostles* and others. The Louis XV period on the other hand required elegance and gracefulness in designs for living, a trend that brought portrait-weaving into demand and it is known that when great men visited the factory they were presented with specially woven portraits. Even the King, and later Marie Antoinette, had portraits woven by Audran and it is recorded that the Emperor & Empress Joseph II and Marie Thérèse of Austria ordered self-portraits, and that Madame Pompadour possessed *Woman Holding Child* woven by Jacques Neilson, the

self-exiled Scot who worked at the Gobelins. The man who specialized in portraits at the Gobelins during the mid-18th century was Pierre Cozette who was often called in to weave individual faces into large panels.

Obviously many of the delightful portraits cannot always be given precise provenance or exact date, especially as some were, in all probability, woven privately on unknown and unrecorded looms, and others were executed simply as a test for student-tapissiers to pass their various examinations. Despite this it has been fairly satisfactorily and safely established that the two portraits illustrated (they are in the possession of Mayorcas of Jermyn Street, London) represent the Duke of Burgundy (grandson and heir of Louis XIV, 1682-1712) and his wife, and are thought to have been woven at the Gobelins factory.

As will be appreciated, tapestry portraits are not created without tremendous

skill and high technical ability which place them, on their own merit, among the treasures of the antique world.

**An Introduction to Old English Silver** by Judith Banister (Evans 50s.) is an excellent book, not over-academic, and certainly a "must" for the more advanced student and silver collector. The chapter on *Fakes, Forgeries and Duty-Dodgers* is of special interest and the author wisely advocates that the collector should "make a point of handling fakes whenever the opportunity occurs" and "avail himself of the privilege of examining the Goldsmiths' Company's specimen collection of fakes"—sound advice indeed. The choice of illustrations is of a high standard and the author has undoubtedly given much thought to her selection. Miss Banister is the Editor of the *Proceedings of the Society of Silver Collectors* and has made a very thorough study of her subject.



Tapestries of the Duke of Burgundy and his wife, described above by Albert Adair

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